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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I confess that Russian novels generally fail to interest me. The characters in them appear to be less of flesh and blood than of wood—and of a very hard kind of wood; and even the initial difficulty of mastering their names I find considerable. I am sure I should have felt the inconvenience of associating with a young person whose name was in fourteen syllables. How could one have whispered it, when circumstances demanded secrecy? And how much time it would have wasted that might have been better spent! That sesquipedalian patronymic, her surname, she could, of course, have exchanged for my brief one; but her Christian name would have been alien to the tongue of love. I feel the same obstacle in the endeavour to interest myself in the heroine of a Russian novel. I dislike all foreign names—if we had a really “strong Government” they would not be permitted anywhere—but in the country of the Czar they are intolerable. Even Count Tolstoi’s genius as a story-teller has, on this account (and some others), failed to greatly attract me; and now it seems, if we are to believe one who has recently “interviewed” him, he is going to still further test the fidelity of his admirers by writing a novel “exposing the illusion of romantic love.” The heroine, while retaining for us English readers her polysyllabic disadvantages, will not be allowed to adore her beloved object, but only to feel for him the attraction which is “born of identity of sentiment, similarity of ideal, and the friendship of the soul.” This is what vulgar people, when wishing to describe something very delicate but rather insipid, call “veal without bacon.” But the Count means to go much farther than the exposing an illusion. His object, he says, will be “to fill the reader with horror at the results of entertaining romantic love at all.” I do not think he will succeed; but he is not the first who has attempted the same sort of thing. Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Bellay, wrote stories “to inspire horror and disgust of love.” “I should like to see them,” says Southey, rather drily (in his “Commonplace Book”); but though, perhaps, the greediest reader in the world, he could never get hold of the interesting volume.

A gentleman is in trouble with respect to a charge of conspiring with another gentleman to obtain a little money under false pretences. The matter is *sub judice*, and, of course, I have not a word to say against one who may be as innocent as the driven snow. But the evidence for the prosecution is most noteworthy. The accused is alleged to have represented himself, by advertisement, as an agent for the stage. He had a company on hand (“Jones and Co., of Wales”) and places in it to fill, for which (as was natural enough) he expected premiums. Theatrical aspirants, male and female, apply to him in shoals. They make appointments with him, and rehearse their parts. One applicant is a Roderigo, another is a Jessica. He is nothing if he is not critical, and is so good as to underscore the lines they ought to emphasise. Some of them are as “promising” as the agent himself—sucking Irvings and budding Miss Terrys. They exert themselves in these private performances to the uttermost in a little parlour in Sussex-street, S.W. But as it is now, alas! alleged, solely for the delectation of the accused. Their artistic host is declared not to have been a theatrical agent at all, but only a collector of premiums. There never was—in the form, at least, of a dramatic company—a “Jones and Co., of Wales.” Science assures us that force is never lost, and though I often fail to understand her I am the last person to contradict her. Supposing, therefore, the story of the prosecution is a correct one, what has become of all those histrionic exhibitions—the fury of Othello, the wit of Falstaff, the pathos of Desdemona? To act to empty boxes must be bad enough, but to simulate the noblest emotions of the human heart, for the sole benefit of a gentleman who is simulating a theatrical agent, must be distressing, indeed.

I am not as a rule enamoured of sea-stories; there is a monotony about the ocean which seems to affect not only those who make their business in great waters, but those who write about it afterwards. Whoever has taken a long voyage with the same companions gets uncommonly tired of nine-tenths of them; and the same thing happens to me with the characters of a nautical novel. When a master of the craft (I am not, of course, alluding to the ship’s captain) takes the matter in hand, the result, however, is different, and Captain Marryat and Mr. Clark Russell can make even sea-stories attractive. It is not wonderful that both should have taken in hand so tempting a subject as “The Phantom Ship.” With Marryat’s novel of that name we have most of us made acquaintance; it is not written upon his usual lines, nor can it be called a great success; but it is a powerful story. Mr. Clark Russell’s recent book, “The Death Ship,” with which it is interesting to compare it, is something much more than this. If the proverbial jealousy of persons in the same way of business would permit me I should describe it as a work of genius. “If it is not genius” (to pilfer a saying from a dying man), “it is its cousin german!” But why the Vanderdecken should the author have killed Imogene? Had I known of his murderous intention when he first introduced her to me he would have lost a reader, and I an enthralling story.

A native of Honolulu having been condemned to death for murder, has chosen to accept the alternative, offered him by science, of being inoculated for leprosy, and has caught it. The Government will, probably, “catch it” too, for having permitted the experiment; but surely not upon good grounds? The question does not go on all fours at all with that of vivisection. In this case there is no compulsion in the matter. It was desirable that it should be proved whether leprosy was contagious or not, and the criminal gladly ran his chance. So far as I know, there has been no instance of a similar alternative being offered to a man sentenced to death since the two criminals in Edinburgh were put into what they were told

were beds in which men had died of cholera—but where, in fact, nothing of the kind had occurred—to prove the effect of fancy in producing disease. One of them—presumably the one that had the most imagination—developed the cholera, and the other was not “a penny the worse.” I suppose most people in Honolulu, or elsewhere, would rather be vaccinated for anything than be hanged, not excepting even one of our own anti-vaccination agitators. If the operation did not “take” he would be all right, and if it did and he perished, as he had always said he should, he would prove his theory.

If there is nothing new under the sun, it was at least made certain, the other day, that the “Complete Letter-Writer” is not quite so complete as it was supposed to be. The best editions, I believe, contain samples appropriate to every circumstance of human life, inclusive of how to express oneself on breaking off our engagement with the young person we had promised to marry. But this, though performed with the greatest delicacy, was not accomplished on such lofty grounds as it has been of late in real life. A very religious young man, indeed, has composed the following appeal (for his own use):—“Dear Susan and Christian Sister,—I feel with regards marrying you, Susan, which is a very great responsibility on your part, and also on mine, which I find was too hasty; but the Lord will forgive me, and I trust you will—won’t you, Susan? . . . I have been putting your love with mine from time to time, and find yours has been a great deal stronger than mine.” He also offers his Christian Sister the sum of eight pounds not to proceed with the action for breach of promise. I wonder whether this is the sort of affection which Count Tolstoi proposes to substitute for “romantic love”? There is a great deal of the piety about it which he so de-siderates, though it is hardly what one would call “natural piety.”

Another action at law illustrative of the same subject occurred almost simultaneously at Westminster. In this case, however, the young gentleman was the injured person, and sought to recover of the lady who had jilted him certain marriage gifts, mostly in the ironmongery line, though she spoke of them generally as “sticks.” “I will see you,” said she to the once beloved object—well, we will not use her words, but she went “the whole length of the expression,” as the phrase goes (though, indeed, it is a very brief one), “before I will part with a stick.” With that inconsistency which belongs to her charming sex, while clinging to these objects of personal property with a pertinacity that would seem to prove their value, she nevertheless maintained that her swain had bought them all in “job lots” at sixpence each. The whole affair as a love-match may be said to have “gone off,” and with a very unpleasant odour. And yet, though there was decidedly less of the religious element than in the former case, there was quite as little of that romance about it which the Count finds so objectionable, and to be the real cause of all the failures in matrimony.

I read that one of the evil results of the cold summer is that oysters have not grown fat. To judge by the price put upon them, however, I should think the fishmongers have. For my part, I don’t care one threepenny-bit (which is what the best “natives” now cost apiece) whether these bivalves are fat or lean: they are beyond my means. “If they be not food for me, What care I how fat they be?” to alter a little what Sir John Suckling wrote of another kind of dainty. There is (or, alas! was) a sort of exhilaration derived from many oysters similar to that given by champagne, which, however, I have known to be taken with them. The last great oyster-feast I remember, I partook of at a public supper-room in the company of an old gourmand well known at the clubs, but whom nobody suspected of wearing a wig. After six dozen of them—feeling, I suppose, the need of taking something or another off before renewed exertions—he took off his head-covering and hung it, to my “hushed amaze,” on the peg at the end of the partition that separated us from the next box. He never spoke of this imprudence to me, then or afterwards, but tacitly trusted to my honour not to reveal it during his lifetime; and I did not abuse his confidence. The whole expense—of the oysters—on that occasion was not more than a sovereign. The author of the “Physiologie du Goût” tells us he once attempted to give his friend Lapeste, who was passionately fond of these esculents, what he protested he had never had—“enough of them”; but when his guest had eaten thirty-two dozen the host grew impatient and ordered dinner. Those *hors d’œuvres*, at present prices, would have cost him £4 16s.

A talented young friend sends me a sonnet from the French—not generally a very acceptable sort of goods; but this particular sample is not only meritorious in itself, but very significant of the friendliness and charity with which “our lively neighbours” regard any annexation of territory made by perfidious Albion. The author of the poem is, I understand, a certain Count Borelli, formerly Colonel of the Légion Etrangère which served in Tonquin, so that he ought to understand the subject:—

ON DUTY IN BURMAH.

They bade me go. I went, alert and gay,
Past lotus fields and river banks new dress’d
And fishers fishing a calm lake—all rest,
My soldiers marched until the close of day,
Then near, from out the bamboos where it lay,
Peeped a high-roofed pagoda’s gilded crest;
Bright parrots perched, where each had built its nest,
On mat-thatched eaves that smiled along the way.
Great fan-leaved palms swayed idly in the breeze;
While, darting from the medlar’s shade profound,
A brilliant pigeon mounted, circling round;
The litchi fruit gleamed gold among the trees.
Below the cactus flamed, and still midst these
The village slept—I burnt it to the ground.

The last sentence has certainly all the charm attributed to the Unexpected.

In my last “Notes” I wrote somewhat playfully of the late volume published by Dr. Anna Kingsford, under the

mistaken impression that its authoress was still living. I ought, of course, to have known better; but in the book itself I found no hint of its being a posthumous work, and thereby fell into an error which I regret no less because it was a natural one.

THE COURT.

The Empress Frederick and her daughters remain the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle, whence they occasionally make excursions in the Great Park and country around the palace. On Nov. 21 the Empress received an address from the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor. The deputation was introduced to her Imperial Majesty’s presence by Count Seckendorff. The Marquis of Lorne arrived at the castle. Mdlle. Faber du Faur and Mdlle. De Perpigna dined with her Majesty and the Royal family; and the ladies and gentlemen of the household joined the Royal circle in the evening. The Queen went out with the Empress Frederick and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne left the castle. The German Ambassador also left. Admiral Sir Alexander Milne and Major Edye were received by the Queen on the 22nd. They presented her Majesty with the Jubilee offering of the Navy and Royal Marines, consisting of models of the Britannia and the Victoria—the former a typical line-of-battle-ship when the Queen ascended the throne, and the latter the most recently constructed armour-clad battleship at the time of the Jubilee. Her Majesty expressed her admiration of these beautiful gifts, and of the workmanship they displayed. Other gifts were subsequently accepted. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. The Duchess of Teck and Princess Frederica of Hanover (Baroness Von Pawel Rammingen) visited her Majesty. Sir Robert Collins arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Baron Reischach had the honour of being invited. The Queen drove out in the afternoon of the 23rd, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret; and her Majesty went out with the Empress Frederick on the morning of the 24th. The Queen received, as a gift from Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, a marble bust of himself, sculptured by Mr. George G. Adams, F.S.A., who had the honour of submitting it to her Majesty’s inspection. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by the Empress Frederick. Mr. and Mrs. Goschen arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with their Majesties and the Royal family. Baron Reischach had the honour of being invited. Her Majesty and the Empress Frederick, with the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning, the 25th. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, who afterwards preached the sermon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, visited her Majesty. The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen and Mrs. Goschen and Count Seckendorff had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 26th the Queen drove in her pony-carriage, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, and proceeded to the drive in the vicinity of George IV.’s Gateway, whence, sheltered by the ornamental shrubbery, the party witnessed some interesting feats of military dexterity performed by the Queen’s Indian Equerry. Her Majesty received intelligence of the safe arrival of her grandchildren, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, at Bombay, where they were met by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The new Austrian Ambassador (Count Deym), the Chilean Minister, the Nicaraguan Minister, and the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., arrived at the castle. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of her Majesty. The Austrian Ambassador was introduced to the Queen, and presented his credentials, as Ambassador, to her Majesty. The Chilean Minister (Don Carlos Antunez) and the Nicaraguan Minister (Dr. Adan Cardenas) were respectively introduced, by the Marquis of Salisbury, to her Majesty, upon appointment as Ministers to the Queen’s Court. On the 27th the Queen, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, travelled to town from Windsor Castle, in order to pay a visit of condolence to the family of the late Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House. Accompanied by her daughters, and attended by the suite, the Empress Frederick left the castle in the afternoon and walked through the principal streets of Windsor to Eton College, whence her Imperial Majesty and party subsequently returned to the palace.

The Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and her daughters, left Copenhagen on the evening of Nov. 22 by special train for Korsör, en route to England, via Fyen, Jutland, and Germany. King Christian, the Queen, and the Danish Princes and Princesses, accompanied their visitors to the Copenhagen railway terminus, where the Danish Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, the Court dignitaries, and local authorities were assembled. After taking a cordial farewell of her parents and relatives, the Princess, with her family, entered the train, and left amidst the cheers of the assemblage. The streets leading from the palace to the terminus, the public buildings and squares, and the railway terminus were splendidly illuminated. The Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria, arrived at Marlborough House on the 24th from Denmark. Their Royal Highnesses proceeded to Sandringham in the afternoon. On Sunday, the 25th, the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service in the morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham Park. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, Canon of Windsor, who preached the sermon. On the 26th the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess. The Duke of Cambridge also arrived at Sandringham. The Prince of Wales, Princes Albert Victor and George, the Comte de Paris, the Duke of Cambridge, and other guests have commenced shooting.

Prince and Princess Christian have returned to Cumberland Lodge from Germany.

Lord Brassey has presented a beautiful service of communion plate for use in the Savoy Chapel in memory of Lady Brassey, who was for many years a member of the congregation.

By the accidental mistake of one photograph for another we last week described the portrait of the Rev. G. H. Sumner, D.D., late Archdeacon and Canon of Winchester, the new Bishop of Guildford, as that of the Rev. Alfred Earle, late Archdeacon of Totnes and Canon of Exeter, whose appointment to a suffragan bishopric in the diocese of London was at first announced in connection with the title of “Bishop of Guildford,” but who is to bear the new title of “Bishop of Marlborough.”

THE LATE EARL OF DEVON.

The death of this nobleman, who was personally held in much esteem and had filled offices of public usefulness, was recorded in the "Obituary" last week. The Right Hon. William Reginald Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, near Exeter, was born in 1807, eldest son of the tenth Earl of Devon, and of one of the most ancient noble families in England. An ancestor of this family, among the Crusaders, was elevated to the throne of the Eastern empire at Constantinople. They long exercised great hereditary influence in the county of Devon, but this has from various causes declined. The late Earl was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he gained a fellowship; he served as one of the inspectors of the Poor Law Board, and in 1852 was appointed by Lord Aberdeen's Government to the secretaryship of that department. He was, as Lord Courtenay, M.P. for South Devon from 1841 to 1849, acting with the Peel party as a Liberal-Conservative. In 1859, he succeeded to the peerage; in 1866, joining Lord Derby's Government, he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and afterwards President of the Poor Law Board. He long performed, with much care and diligence, the functions of Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Devonshire, and a statue was erected to his honour in the city of Exeter. His Lordship married a daughter of the late Earl Fortescue, and has left a son to succeed to the earldom. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young.

NEW WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL.

The Welsh Presbyterian congregation, whose pastor is the Rev. R. E. Morris, formerly worshipping in Nassau-street, Soho, whither they emigrated from Jewin-crescent, City of London, some thirty-five years ago, have erected a new chapel in Charing-cross-road, Shaftesbury-avenue, on a site of about 4400 superficial feet. The greater part is occupied by the chapel, the front of which is towards Charing-cross-road. In plan this building is cruciform, the central space being covered by a dome, and the arms by pointed vaults. Beneath the dome, and in the crown of it, are ornamental arcades pierced with numerous windows, casting a flood of light down into the middle of the chapel. This arrangement naturally results, on the exterior, in an octagonal lantern-tower, about 30 ft. in diameter. In the centre of the tower a ventilating shaft is carried up, with an arrangement for exhausting the air from the building, while fresh air is supplied by a number of Tobin ventilators in different parts of the building. The chapel seats about 500; and there is a provision for a future gallery behind the pulpit, which will give space for a good organ and thirty additional sittings.

Under the chapel is a school-room or lecture-hall which will seat from 350 to 400 persons. Communicating with this are various class-rooms and offices, and a kitchen, with the necessary appliances for tea-meetings. These last occupy the basement storey of that part of the building which has a frontage towards Shaftesbury-avenue. This, which only joins the chapel by a passage on each floor, is treated as a distinct feature in the design. The ground floor is taken up with the minister's and deacons' vestries, the main entrance from the avenue, two staircases, and a ladies' room with lavatory adjoining. The first-floor contains a reading-room and library, and the floor above has a large and well-lighted room, divisible into two, to be used for such purposes as may be decided upon hereafter by the church. The upper floor and the attic form a house for the caretaker.

The chapel is faced externally with hammer-dressed Yorkshire stone; the architectural details are in Ancaster stone. The interior is lined with light-red Fareham bricks, with dressings of Ruabon bricks and of Corsham stone. The style of the building is the later Romanesque, such as prevailed towards the end of the twelfth century; and the work is carried out everywhere in a thoroughly substantial and permanent manner. The architect is Mr. James Cubitt; Messrs. Peto Brothers are the builders.

CRYSTAL PALACE PIGEON, POULTRY, AND RABBIT SHOW.

The twentieth yearly National Show of these fancy birds and beasts, including covies or guinea-pigs, was held at the Crystal Palace from Monday, Nov. 19, to the following Thursday. The aggregate number of living creatures exhibited was 6815, or nearly 500 more than the show of last year, while the varieties and sub-varieties of breeds and curiosities of crossings have so increased that the classes have risen from 437 in 1867 to 480 in 1888. This shows how subtle are the differences between the many families and groups of pigeons, cocks and hens, and rabbits. Some of them are natural groups, others are the artificial result of close, scientific, and experimental breeding study of minute peculiarities of structure, size, colour, and habits. Of poultry, there are the Spanish, the Cochins, the Brahmans, the Houdans, the Hamburgs, the Polish, the Dorkings, the French, the Bantams, the Game, the Minorcas, the Malays, the Andalusians, the Leghorns, the Black Javas and Orpingtons, the Wyandottes, and several others; besides ducks, geese, and turkeys. The pigeons comprise pouters, carriers, tumblers, fantails, turbits, barbs, dragons, Norwich croppers, Antwerps, Jacobins, trumpeters, nuns, runts, ruffs, frills, blondinettes and satinettes, and sundry toy varieties; to which magpies were added. Among the rabbits, only mentioning the "Belgian hares," were lop-ears, Dutch, Angoras, Himalayans, Flemish giants, fawn-coloured, silver, silver-grey, silver-brown, and silver-cream; while the covies included Peruvian guinea-pigs, Abyssinian, tortoise-shell, black and white, short-haired and long-haired; some of which, and some of the fantail pigeons, are represented in our Artist's Sketches. About thirty judges were employed to decide the merits of candidates for prizes in the many classes of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, and covies; and the mere lists of their awards and commendations would fill several columns. Mr. J. Jennings and Mr. J. E. Aldred were the judges of rabbits, which were exhibited to the number of 427; Mr. Kempster Knight was the judge of guinea-pigs. Some of the finest poultry was sold at high prices.

We append lists of the pigeons, and of the rabbits and guinea-pigs, which appear in the Sketches on another page. They are here numbered in the order in which they stand from the left to the right-hand side of the page, not including those in the upper Engraving, of which we give no special list:—

PIGEONS.

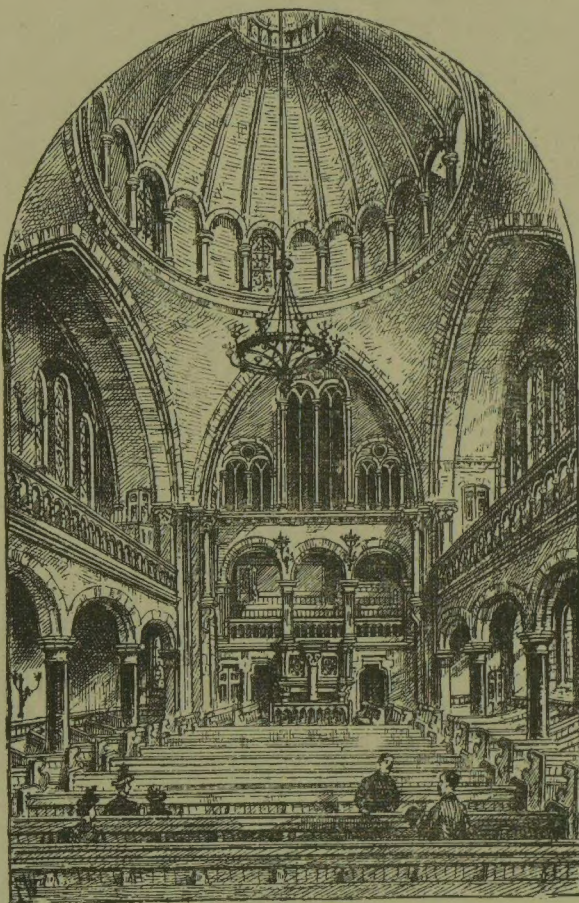
1. Mr. W. Stevenson's White Fantail, cock.
2. Mrs. J. F. Loversidge's White Fantail, hen.
3. Mrs. H. Chapman's Fantail hen (3rd prize).
4. Mr. A. M. Stutcliffe's Silver Blue Turbit (1st prize).
5. Mr. W. Law's Blue Pied Pouter (1st prize and Cup).
6. Mr. W. Stevenson's white and black hen Fantails (1st and 2nd prizes).
7. Mr. J. Moore's White Fantail hen (2nd prize).

RABBITS AND GUINEA-PIGS.

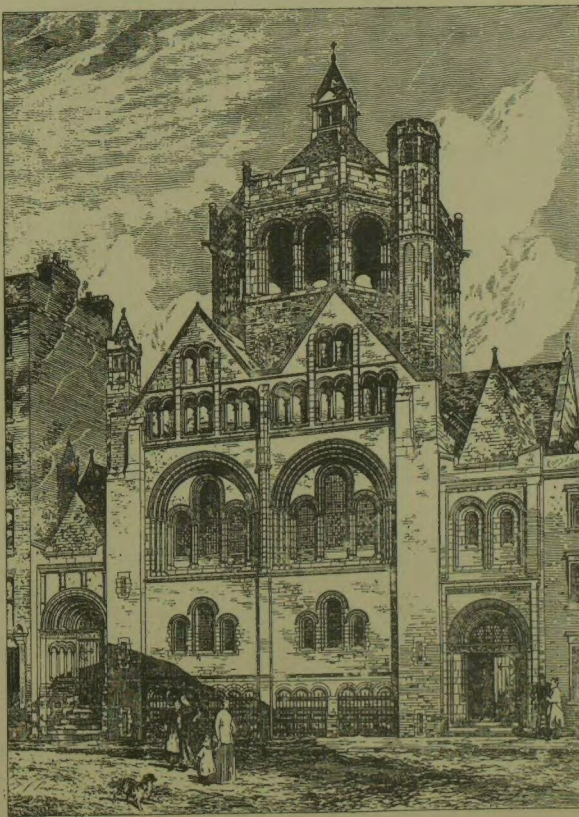
1. Mr. F. Graveley's female Peruvian Guinea-pig (1st prize, Medal).
2. Mr. W. Read's Peruvian Guinea-pig, female.
3. Mr. J. G. Ravenor's Peruvian Guinea-pig.
4. Mr. M. Humphrey's Flemish Giant Buck Rabbit (1st prize, Cup).
5. Mr. C. A. House's Abyssinian Tortoise-shell Cavy (2nd prize).
6. Mr. W. C. O. Ellis's Peruvian Guinea-pig.



THE LATE EARL OF DEVON.



WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL IN SHAFTESBURY-AVENUE.



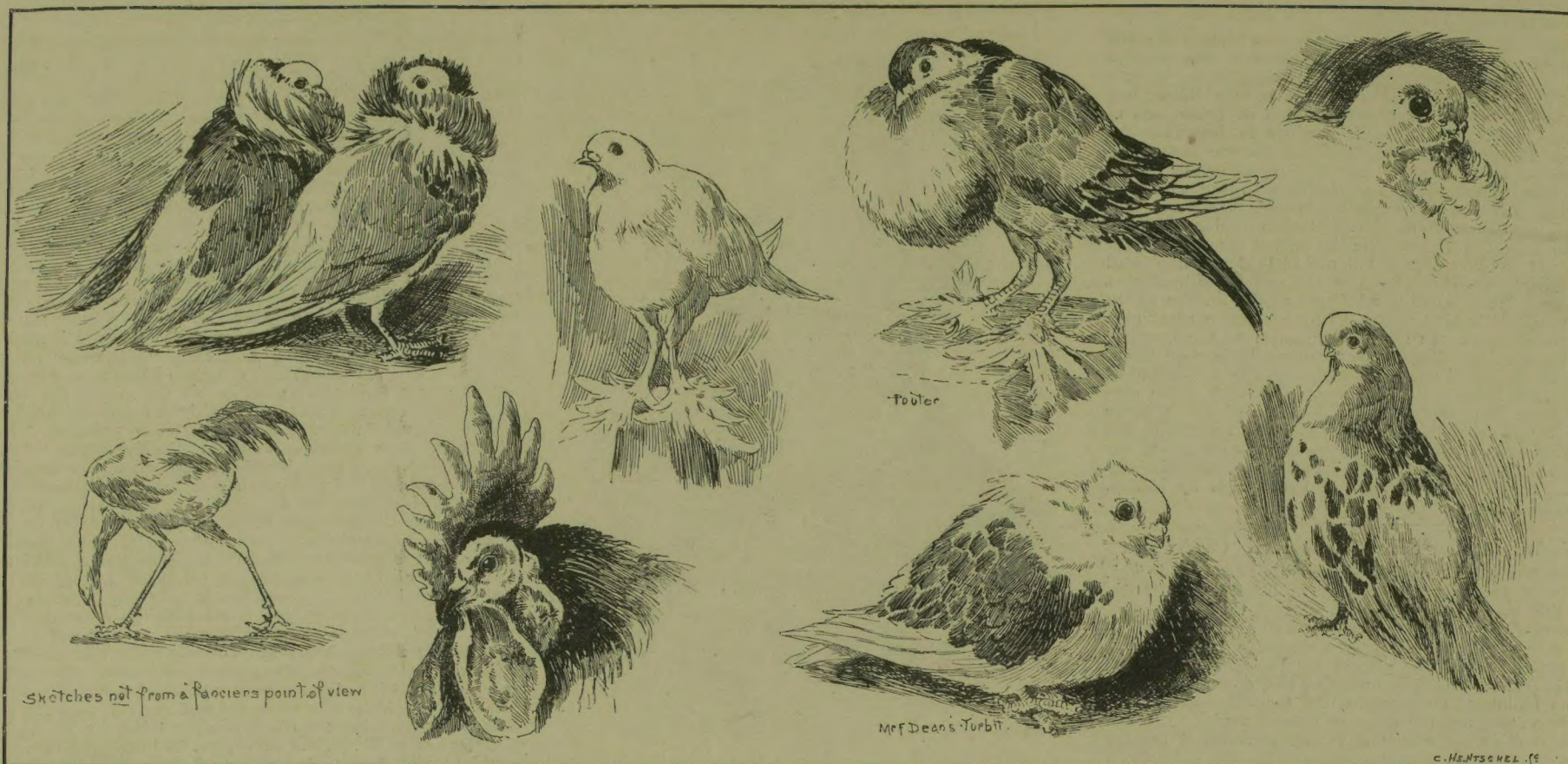
WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL IN SHAFTESBURY-AVENUE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

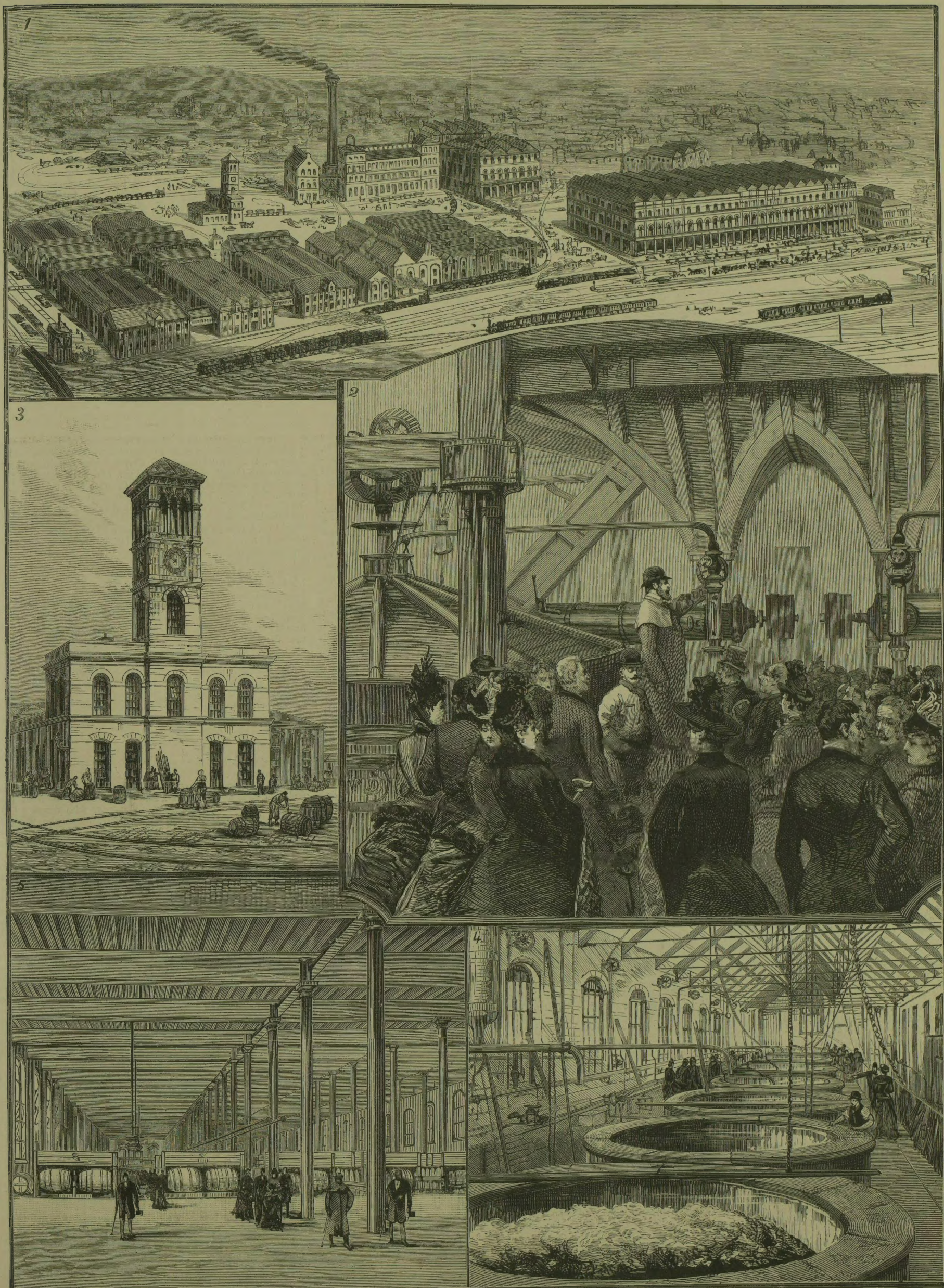
It is the fashion with modern audiences, in these impatient times, to visit the sins of the players entirely on the unfortunate author. If a scene drags purely by bad playing, if a character is assumed by someone who thoroughly misunderstands it, if actors and actresses are found hopelessly floundering about and casting appealing glances at the prompter; when the inexperienced eye can at once detect bad casting, insufficient rehearsals, and the absence of a head-piece in the direction of the stage, there is but one scapegoat—the author. People in the stalls shudder, and murmur "What rubbish!" ; the stern censors in the pit catcall and cry "Get on!" ; boys in the gallery "Boo-hoo!" and chuckle at the thought that there will be some "author-baiting" by-and-by—that is to say, that some miserable gentleman will be called out to be execrated because the players do not know their words or understand their parts. A very good example of this want of discrimination was shown in the case of a play called "The Alderman," adapted by Mr. James Mortimer from "L'Héritage de M. Plumet," a once famous French comedy of the lighter kind—not exactly a farcical comedy, as we understand the term now-a-days—but a bright piece with an occasional touch of serious interest. Originally Mr. Mortimer produced "The Alderman" at a Criterion matinée. On the whole, it was exceedingly well played. Mr. George Barrett made a study of the good-natured old gentleman who firmly believes that he has a will of his own, but is, in reality, swayed by the last voice. A scene between Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Julian Cross—who appeared as two old soldiers, pathetically fond of their niece and ward—was so well acted that it touched the house, and displayed considerable emotional faculty on the part of the players. In fact, the comedy was so promising that it might well have been selected for an actor like Mr. Toole, and his clever little company; but submitted to an unfortunate cast the little play goes all to pieces. Mr. Ashley—otherwise an excellent actor—is wholly unsuited to the Alderman: he plays it as light comedy instead of strong character. The two old soldiers who made one audience cry make another audience laugh when the characters are taken by Mr. Frank Kinghorne and Mr. W. H. Pennington. A bright ingénue, who could be played to perfection by an actress like Miss Fanny Brough, is turned into a smart Yankee "gal" who interlards her conversation with American facetiae that sound as if they were borrowed from the amusement corner of a family paper. With the exception of Mr. Royce Carleton, who has a head on his shoulders, and Miss Gabrielle Goldney, who bids fair to be an excellent comedy actress, there is scarcely one in the cast who even approximately approaches the author's idea. The consequence is that the play falls to pieces, and the author's work is condemned instead of his, or the manager's, want of judgment in collecting people to play characters for which they are ill suited, either physically or mentally. According to our present system, actors and actresses are taught to go on the stage, and play themselves, whilst they recite words written by other people. They seldom dream of disguising their own personality for the purpose of the play, which is one of the provinces of the actor. Why are they called actors? They certainly do not act anything or become anybody. They are simply Mr. So-and-So in another wig or Miss So-and-So in another gown. It is quite right to condemn "The Alderman," and "A White Lie" also, for the matter of that, as played at the Jodrell Theatre, but not because they are bad plays, or could not be made good ones. They should be condemned because the acting displayed in them is quite beneath what the public has a right to expect at a high-priced theatre. It is a perfect farce to charge West-End prices for common provincial goods. If theatres like the Jodrell are ever to succeed the prices should be reduced 50 per cent. It is difficult to believe that the company at the Jodrell can cost so much as to necessitate the same charges as are made at the Lyceum, the Haymarket, or the Court.

Another instance of conspicuous bad playing is found in Mr. Jocelyn Brandon's English version of Daudet's "L'Arlésienne." It is so easy to shrug the shoulders and talk of "rubbish," and say that "the public will not stand this sort of thing," when the play has had no chance given it of success. This delightful play, thanks to good acting and Bizet's enchanting music, has more than once been brilliantly successful in Paris. But there it was finely acted and beautifully done. We do not say this simply because it is a French play, for many French plays are execrably performed. But we do maintain that if the passionate mother had been played by Mrs. Kendal, and if the romance had been realised by such a stage-manager as Mr. Hare, if the acting had been forcible and the direction capable, a very different tale might have been told. But because "The Love that Kills" is badly cast, badly acted, badly directed, and clumsily misunderstood by almost everyone concerned, the whole weight of the failure is put on the wrong shoulders. Mr. Jocelyn Brandon has done his work well enough; it is not his fault. We do not believe at all in the introduction of the fatal Arlesian woman. The whole dramatic idea, the whole beauty of the play, vanishes when she appears. But young authors have to yield to vulgar prejudice. The people who influence them show that they know about as much of poetry as of Greek roots. There is little use in pointing out the individual instances of bad playing in this pretty play. The poetic key was never once touched. The whole thing was out of tune, and no patching or piecing could make it better.

Mr. Alfred Calmoun's "Widow Winsome," produced and excellently played at a Criterion matinée, is a graceful and pretty fancy enough, but is, we fear, too delicate in structure and scarcely original enough in idea to bear the tossing of a modern tide of criticism. The angry father, who protects his daughter's honour, and, at the same time, induces her to marry for money; the young spark, who is reformed to virtuous ways and a decent life by the sight of an angel face; the innocent maiden, who feels that by means of her purity she can have influence over a handsome gallant who is recklessly going to the dogs; the proud lady of fashion, who makes open advances to a handsome youth, and who proves the truth of the old adage, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned;"—all these have figured before in many a well-known and well-worn comedy, so that Mr. Calmoun's play sounds more like an echo of what has been than a promise of something new and startling—some fresh thought, some original idea. We discard old comedy, not because it is uninteresting, but because it is ineffective; and, truth to tell, Mr. Calmoun's play leaves us exactly where we were before he wrote the "Widow Winsome." He had the advantage of a strong cast, and some excellent players—the ripe old comedy manner of Mr. William Farren, the picturesque and gallant appearance of Mr. Conway, the merry touches of Mr. Fred Thorne, the flashing eyes and aristocratic manner of Miss Gertrude Kingston, the neat playing of Mr. George Giddens. Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Laura Linden were of the greatest advantage to the author, whose plays have never suffered from insufficient representation. But the play owed its greatest charm to the acting of Miss Kate Rorke, who brought the first act to a close with an outburst of passionate acting, as good as anything she has ever done. There was nothing flimsy or artificial about it.



"What a Duck!"



1. General View of the Brewery. 2. Prince of Wales turning on the water and malt for a special brew. 3. Clock Tower. 4. The Wort-Copper Stage. 5. The Tunning-Room.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ALLSOPP'S BREWERY, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ALLSOPP'S BREWERY.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from Monday, Nov. 12, to Thursday, the 15th, was the guest of Lord and Lady Hindlip, at Doveridge Hall, near Uttoxeter. Lord Hindlip, formerly Mr. S. C. Allsopp, M.P. for Taunton, is the head of the great firm of Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, brewers, of Burton-on-Trent. The Prince of Wales ended his visit to Doveridge Hall by going to Burton, with his host and hostess and several friends—the Duchess of Manchester, Earl Dudley, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Florence Duncombe, Count Kinsky, and Mr. Sassoon being of the party—to see the famous brewery. General Teesdale attended his Royal Highness. At the Uttoxeter railway station, from which they travelled to Burton by a special train, six hundred school-children were assembled on the platform to sing "God bless the Prince of Wales!" At Burton, where the train arrived at noon, the Mayor of that town, Councillor Harrison, with the Mayoress, met his Royal Highness; but no address from the Municipality was presented. The Chief Constable of Staffordshire, the Hon. Captain G. A. Anson, was also present. Several directors of the great brewing firm (which is a Limited Liability Company)—namely, the Hon. George Allsopp, M.P., Captain H. Townshend, Mr. J. T. Poyser, and Mr. J. C. Grinling—received their visitors at the railway station, and they all walked to the brewery, a few hundred yards distant. Flags were displayed over the principal buildings in the town, and the church bells were set ringing; the people in the street, and on the railway bridge, greeted his Royal Highness with cheers; but it was not a formal public visit to the borough of Burton-on-Trent.

The privileged visitors and others in the brewery offices were made aware of the Prince's arrival by vigorous cheering from without, and the explosion of a hundred and one fog signals, given as a "brewery salute," in the adjoining yard. Almost immediately afterwards, his Royal Highness was received at the entrance to the offices by the officials of the company—Mr. J. Ogden, the secretary, and Councillor Auty, who were presented to the Prince by the Hon. George Allsopp. The tour of inspection was at once entered upon, those in attendance upon his Royal Highness including the directors and the officials of the company already referred to, Councillor Stirk (head-brewer), Mr. T. C. Martin, Mr. Wood (cashier), Mr. E. Grinling, Mr. Starey (malting department), Mr. Strachan (engineer), Mr. H. G. Anderson, and Captain the Hon. G. Anson. The Hon. Percy Allsopp, M.P., another of the directors, was prevented from joining the party through, we regret to say, ill-health, and it is feared that his illness is of such a nature that his absence from England for a month or two will be rendered necessary. Leaving the offices by the rear, and passing through the racking-room, the party proceeded along the yard to No. 13 malting-room, where Mr. Poyser explained to his Royal Highness the details of the withering process which the grain was then undergoing, and after an examination of the room in which the barley is screened, a move was made, under the guidance of the head-brewer, Councillor Stirk—who from this part took over the duties of guide—to the mash-room, in which were located eight tuns, each containing something like 160 quarters. Here a brief but exceedingly interesting ceremony took place. His Royal Highness, approaching the mash-tun, commenced a brew of pale ale by turning on the water and the malt. After the mashing apparatus had been duly inspected, a move was made to the wort-coppers—the warm atmosphere of which department induced his Royal Highness to divest himself of his ulster. In this department there are ten receptacles, each of which is capable of containing a hundred barrels. Returning through the mash-room, the grinding mills, of which in the particular room visited there are two, each of which grinds 25 quarters per hour, next received attention, and his Royal Highness compared the ground malt with that which was about to undergo the grinding process. Retracing their steps, the party crossed the bridge, passed through the fermenting-room, and gained the "round" room (where, it was pointed out, the "rounds," about 200 in number, hold each 120 barrels), and then, taking a glance at the coolers and refrigerators, descended into union-room "A." His Royal Highness had meantime, with the assistance of the Hon. George Allsopp, made some additional investigations into the operation of brewing. The Prince, together with the other members of the party, having satisfied his curiosity over the barm-tub, traversed the bridge again, and arrived at union-room "B," which contains more than 1400 casks. Proceeding by way of the centre stairs, the hop-room was reached, and here some time was spent in an examination of something like 2000 bales and pockets of magnificent hops, his Royal Highness especially making a minute inspection of the valuable growth. At length the racking-room was regained, and by means of an iron staircase the company descended to the stores, with their contents of 30,000 barrels. The hydraulic hoists, by which the barrels are conveyed to the loading stage above, and vice-versa, demanded a little attention, and the party were then escorted to the western end of the stores. Here a table had been deposited, and on it dainty morsels of cheese, crisp celery, and small loaves and biscuits were displayed, while sample glasses of various kinds of ale were handed round, these being drawn by Mr. Booth, ale storekeeper. The Prince partook of a glass of bitter eight months old, sampled a portion of the ale which was brewed specially for Captain Sir George Nares for use in the Arctic expedition fifteen years ago, and tasted some double stout three months old. With the bitter ale his Royal Highness appeared particularly pleased, and his approbation found expression in the remark, addressed to the Duchess of Manchester, "This is delicious!" while the ale of a greater age also came in for a share of the Royal favour. The distinguished visitors enjoyed with evident relish this novel interval in the morning's proceedings, sampling the various brews with the keen sense of connoisseurs; and it is matter for congratulation, not less for Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, Limited, than for the town at large, that the ales were in the condition which is best described as "the pink of perfection." The Royal inspection of the brewery was now at an end. It occupied fully an hour and a half, but notwithstanding the fatigue which "doing" an enormous brewery like that of Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons must necessarily involve, his Royal Highness did not experience the slightest inconvenience. His interest in the brewery never for a moment waned, and as each department was entered he manifested a keen desire to be made acquainted with its every detail. Between three and four thousand of the general public were admitted by ticket to the brewery premises, and during his progress from room to room the Prince was cheered again and again, while from the workpeople and staff similar demonstrations of loyalty proceeded all along the route, as it were; his Royal Highness's reception inside the brewery was, in fact, as cordial and enthusiastic as it was outside, and he repeatedly returned the salutations. The public were distributed in sections throughout the buildings, and thus every facility was afforded for a glimpse of the Heir Apparent. Upon leaving the stores the Prince was conducted

up the spiral staircase to the board-room, and, with the other visitors, entertained at luncheon by Lord Hindlip. The table, of a horseshoe form, was adorned with valuable plate and beautiful floral decorations. The inside edges were bordered with miniature ferns, and from the floor in the centre rose a group of graceful palms, whose sombre hues were here and there relieved by the delicate bloom of the arum lily. Immediately opposite his Royal Highness reposed, on a piece of prettily-designed electro-plate, a charming bouquet composed largely of Roman hyacinths intertwined with ferns, and down the table on each side beautifully-arranged bouquets, palms, ferns, and orange-trees were judiciously disposed. The fireplace was for the occasion turned into a miniature conservatory—palms and maidenhair ferns, primulas and begonias, being freely distributed thereabout; while over the mantelpiece hung a splendid painting of his Royal Highness, represented as the Grand Master of Masons in England. Immediately over the entrance to the board-room, on the inner side, was an artistically-arranged crescent of flags, and the doors were hung with rich tapestry. Mr. J. T. Poyser's office, which closely adjoins the board-room, had been fitted up in an elegant manner as a ladies' boudoir. The furniture was of the Queen Anne pattern, and was upholstered in rich crimson velvet. It was also furnished with arras hangings, a beautiful Indian screen, and a choice overmantel, while a magnificent bouquet rested on an occasional-table. The corridor by which the boudoir is approached was made gay with a number of small shrubs. The Hon. George Allsopp placed his private room at the disposal of the Prince.

Perhaps one of the most pleasant incidents in the scene within the brewery occurred just as his Royal Highness was preparing to leave. A number of the staff and employés had gathered in the offices near the principal entrance, and sang "God bless the Prince of Wales," Mr. J. Tomlinson taking the solo, and the chorus being rendered in the heartiest manner possible by all present. The Prince passed out during this interesting manifestation of loyalty, and appeared much impressed by it. The arrangements for the inspection of the brewery were made by Councillor Stirk, while the plants for the Prince's room were supplied by Mr. H. Barker, Horninglow-cross.

There was again a large crowd of people on the railway bridge as the Prince returned to the station, and when the train started for Derby, with the saloon carriage to be transferred there to a Midland Railway train for London, "brewery salutes" of fog signals were fired, in Messrs. Allsopp's brewery. His Royal Highness, in taking leave of Lord and Lady Hindlip, and of the Hon. George Allsopp, again expressed his satisfaction at having inspected the great establishment which is renowned all over the world.

There has been an excited sitting in the French Chamber, owing to M. Wilson, the son-in-law of M. Grévy, resuming a seat he had not occupied for nearly a year. The members generally manifested their objection to M. Wilson's presence, and the excitement was increased when the adjournment of the Chamber was moved. The sitting was subsequently suspended, and the President left the chair; but on his resuming it, three-quarters of an hour afterwards, M. Wilson was still in his seat, and the discussion of the Budget was proceeded with.

The Emperor William opened the German Reichstag on Nov. 22. His tone was confident as to the preservation of peace, and he alluded with satisfaction to the English union with him to suppress the African slave trade. The Reichstag have elected the Conservative Deputy Herr von Levetzow its President, the National Liberal Dr. Buhl First Vice-President, and the Imperialist Baron von Unruh-Bomst Second Vice-President. The Emperor, on the 24th, entertained his princely guests at supper in the Old Palace, Berlin; and on Sunday, the 25th, their Majesties attended a memorial service in the Garrison Church in this city. Archduke Ferdinand d'Este has taken his departure for Vienna. On the 26th the Emperor received the President and Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag. His Majesty is suffering from a slight cold.

M. Hertenstein, President of the Swiss Confederation, died on Nov. 27 from the effects of a surgical operation.

St. Petersburg was splendidly decorated on Nov. 26 in honour of the Czarina's birthday. A family breakfast was given at the Anitchkoff Palace; but only the Danish Minister and his family were invited.—On the same day the King and Queen of the Hellenes, accompanied by the Duke of Sparta, Princess Alexandra, and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, were present at a celebration of the "Te Deum" in the Russian church, at Athens, in commemoration of the birthday of the Empress of Russia. Their Majesties subsequently lunched with the Russian Minister.

A banquet was given by the Sultan in the Yildiz Palace on Nov. 26 in honour of Sir William White, British Ambassador.

The Hon. Michael Herbert, British Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, married, on Nov. 27, Miss Belle Wilson, daughter of Mr. Richard Wilson, at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. There were a thousand invitations, and a brilliant gathering. Mr. Arthur Herbert was the bridegroom's best man.—The sculling-race between Teemer and O'Connor for £1000 took place on the Potomac River, over a course of a mile and a half and return, on Nov. 24, O'Connor winning by ten lengths.

Mr. Russell Lowell, ex-American Plenipotentiary for England, left Liverpool for New York, on Nov. 22, in the Cunard steamer Pavonia.

Colonel R. N. F. Kingscote represented the Prince of Wales at the funeral, on Nov. 24, of Viscount Portman.

The Bishop of London has opened a building erected in Old Nichol-street, Shoreditch, to serve as church, mission-room, and club for that densely-populated district.

Sentence of five years' penal servitude has been passed at the Newcastle Assizes upon Charles Richardson and George Egdeil, who pleaded guilty to a burglary at Edlingham Vicarage in 1879, for which two men—Brannigan and Murphy—have wrongly suffered nearly ten years' penal servitude.

The Lord Chancellor on Nov. 28 unveiled the marble bust to the memory of the late Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, erected on a pedestal close to one of the columns outside the Lord Chief Justice of England's Court in the Royal Courts of Justice.

Mr. Walter Browne's little play called, "The Bo'sun's Mate," at St. George's Hall, is not quite up to the level of what is usually expected at the German Reed entertainment. Thin, invertebrate, and amateurish, it is, no doubt, a creditable effort for a first attempt; the old-fashioned dresses pleased the eye, and Mr. Caldicott's music is pretty enough; but the capital little company has to labour to get a laugh, and the love-story dramatically illustrated is not very new or amusing. However, Mr. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Kate Tully, Mr. Ernest Laws, and Mr. Walter Browne, the author, work with a will, sing brightly, dance cheerfully, and Mr. Corney Grain comes on at the right minute to make the people roar with laughter with his sketch of "John Bull Abroad."

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The Judicial Commission appointed to investigate the "charges and allegations" set forth in the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of the Land League and the National

League held further sittings at the Royal Courts of Justice on Wednesday, Nov. 21, on Thursday and Friday, and several days in the following week. The Judges are Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith. The first business on the Wednesday was to pass sentence on Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., who is proprietor of a local newspaper, the *Kerry Sentinel*, for an act of contempt of Court brought under the notice of the Judges by the Attorney-General on the day before. This was the publication, on Nov. 14, of an article in which the Judges were said to be "showing the measles now," and were accused of "manifest prejudice," "evident bias," unfairness, browbeating of witnesses, and permitting the police to swear falsely without reproof; and it was added, "The Commission is the creature of the Government and the *Times*' conspirators." It was stated next day by Mr. R. T. Reid, the Counsel for Mr. Edward Harrington, that his client had refused to follow his advice or to offer any apology; and Mr. Edward Harrington, when called on by the Court, replied that he had nothing to say, and that he would accept the responsibility. The Judges then retired for ten minutes' consultation; and, on their return into court, the President, Sir James Hannen, said that, although personally they would have been inclined to pass over mere insults addressed to themselves, it was their painful duty to impose a punishment for such a serious contempt of their authority, and he therefore sentenced Mr. Edward Harrington to pay a fine of £500 to the Queen.

The examination of witnesses in support of the allegations made by the *Times* against the Land League and the National League, in "Parnellism and Crime," was continued by the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Atkinson; and they were cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Reid, Mr. T. Harrington, and sometimes by Mr. Davitt and Mr. Biggar. One of the witnesses on the Tuesday and Wednesday was Miss Lizzie Curtin, now post-mistress at Wicklow, but who was living with her father and mother at Castle Farm, in Kerry, in November, 1885, when her father was killed in fighting with a gang of Moonlighters who attacked his house. This young lady and her sister, Miss Nora Curtin, with their brother George, bravely struggled with the dastardly assailants, and afterwards gave evidence at the trial, for which the whole family were boycotted and exposed to cruel insult and persecution. The appearance of Lizzie Curtin and George Curtin before the Commissioners of Inquiry therefore excited

no little interest among the audience; our Artist has sketched their portraits, and likewise that of Miss Nora Fitzmaurice, of Ahabeg, Lixnaw, in Kerry, who described the murder of her father, on Jan. 27, 1887, when she was with him going on a car to Listowell fair. Her father was murdered because he had taken a portion of land from which her uncle had been evicted, and he had been denounced by a resolution of the Lixnaw branch of the Land League published in the *Kerry Sentinel*. After her father's death, when Miss Fitzmaurice went to church, fifty or sixty of the congregation walked out, and she was afraid to go to church any more—the same treatment that Miss Curtin and her sister had endured. The evidence of Mr. Maurice Leonard, a Justice of the Peace, agent for Lord Kenmare's estates in Kerry, and formerly assistant to Mr. S. M. Hussey, the most extensive land-agent in that part of Ireland, occupied considerable time on Wednesday and Thursday. It was of some importance as proving the intimidation exercised by the Land League over tenants who were not only quite able, but very willing and anxious, to pay their rents, and who frequently wrote letters to the agent begging that the rent might be paid secretly, and that he should pretend to be taking legal proceedings against them, as if they had not paid, so as to deceive the Land League, of which they were in terror for their lives. A district inspector of police, Mr. Huggins, produced a number of ferocious threatening letters and placards, in which notice was given that particular persons, who disobeyed the orders of the League, would be shot by "Captain Moonlight," and there was a long list of actual outrages in Kerry. Mr. Teahan, of Tralee, cattle-dealer and hotel-keeper, a shrewd, hard-headed, indomitable man, who had made money at the mines in South Africa, gave an amusing account of his own conflict with the Land League. The inquiry was resumed on Tuesday, Nov. 27, which was the twentieth sitting, and it will probably not be finished by the end of the year.

Mr. Monro, C.B., has been appointed Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

Mr. Frank Whittaker Bush, Q.C., has been elected a Benchman of Lincoln's Inn, in place of the late Mr. E. Bazalgette, Q.C.

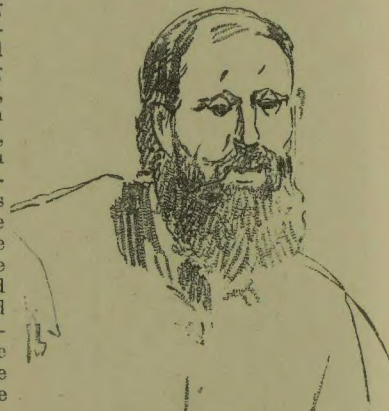
Lord Brassey opened a Mid-London Exhibition of Art and Manufactures on Nov. 27 in the lecture-hall of the Congregational Church, City-road.

The bulletin on Tuesday night, Nov. 27, regarding the condition of Mr. Bright was of a favourable character. The doctors reported an improvement in the state of the lung, and an accession to the general strength, while the constitutional complaint was somewhat better.

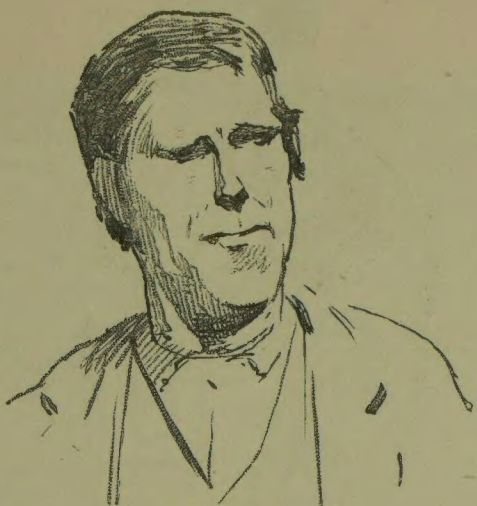
An Exhibition of Women's Art Industries and Inventions was opened on Nov. 26 at Hastings by Mrs. Lucas Shadwell, in the absence of Viscountess Hampden, who was prevented from undertaking the ceremony by a domestic bereavement. Viscount Hampden, who is Lord Lieutenant of the county, gave an address



Sullivan, a Process-Server.



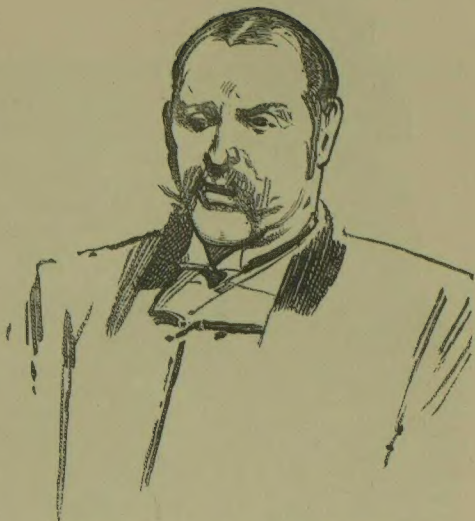
A League Witness.



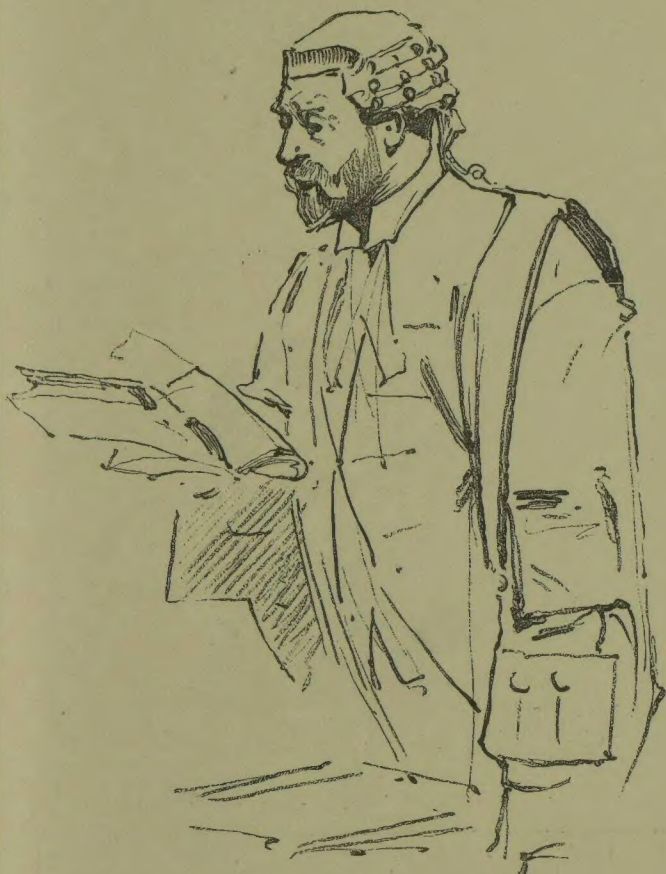
A Hard Witness.



Sir R. Blennerhasset's Steward.



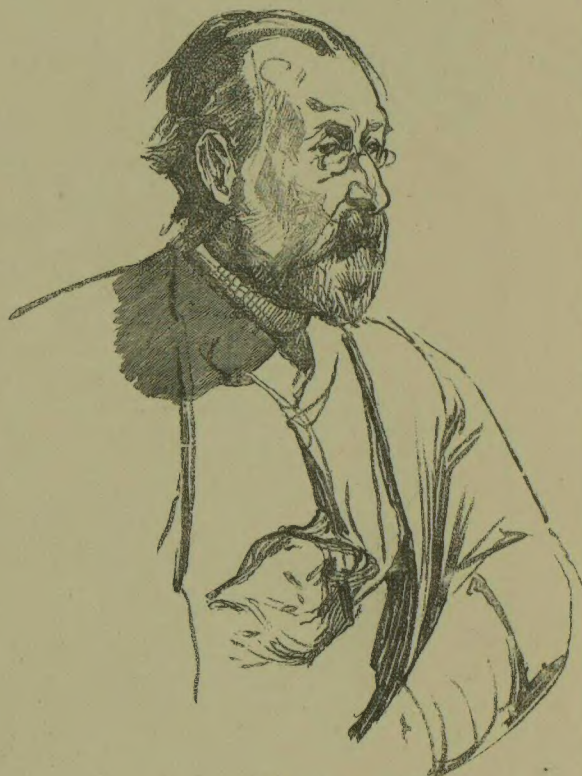
Sergeant Hennessy, Royal Irish Constabulary.



Mr. Atkinson, Q.C.



Matt. Harris, M.P.



"Silence!"



An Objecting Witness.



Witnesses—Galway Women.



Miss Lizzie Curtin.



Miss Nora Fitzmaurice.



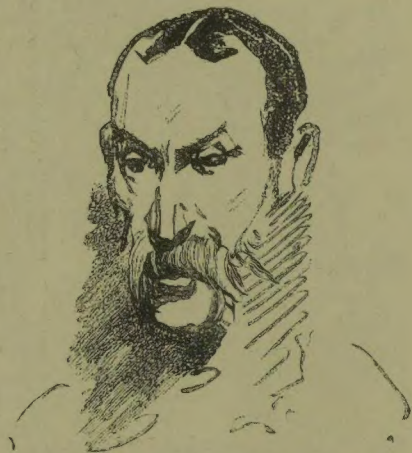
George Curtin.



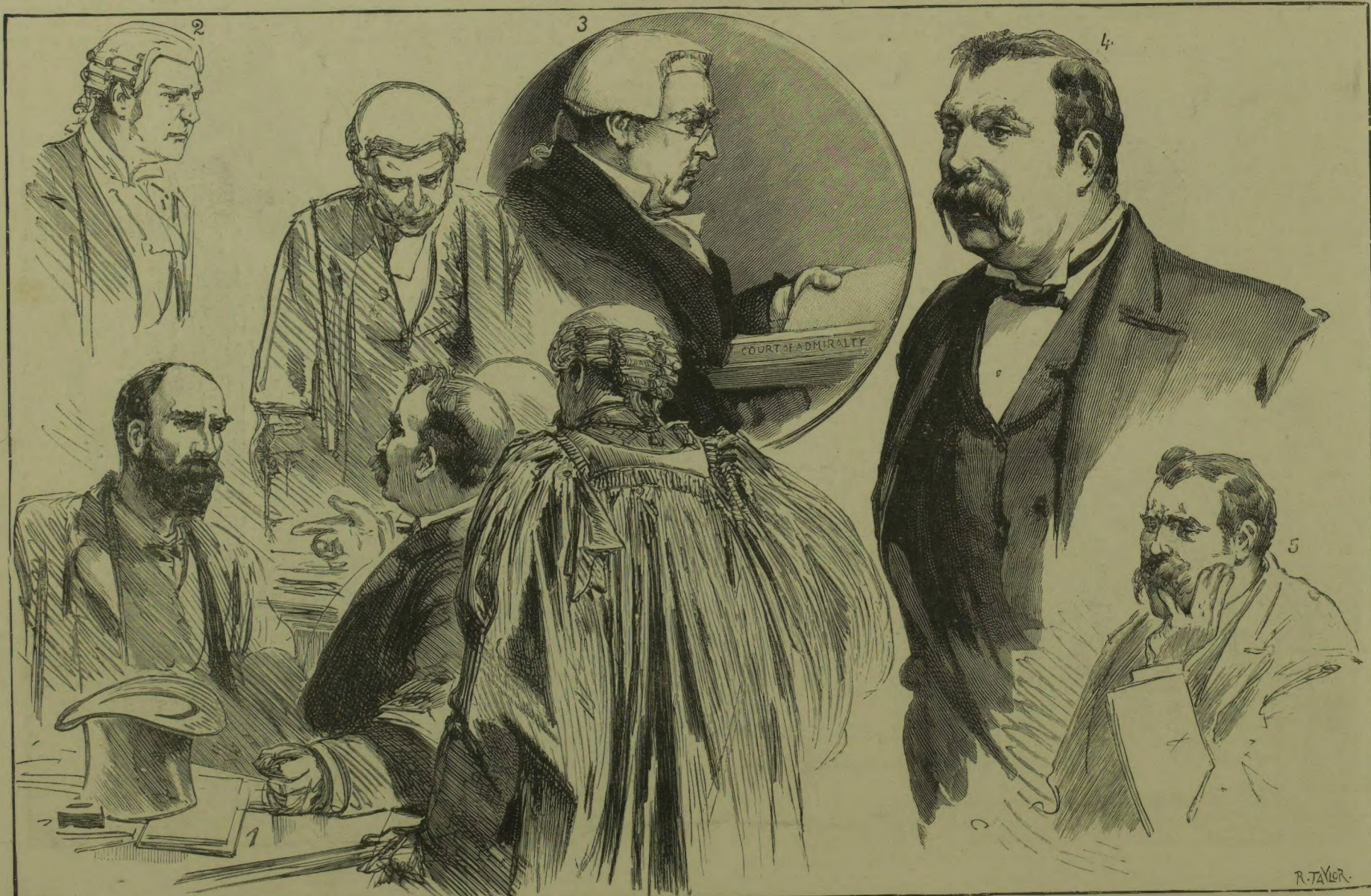
"I know nothing about the Lague."



Pat Henning.



One of the Royal Irish Constabulary.



1. Mr. E. Harrington's friends advise humility.

3. The President, Sir James Hannen, about to deliver judgment.

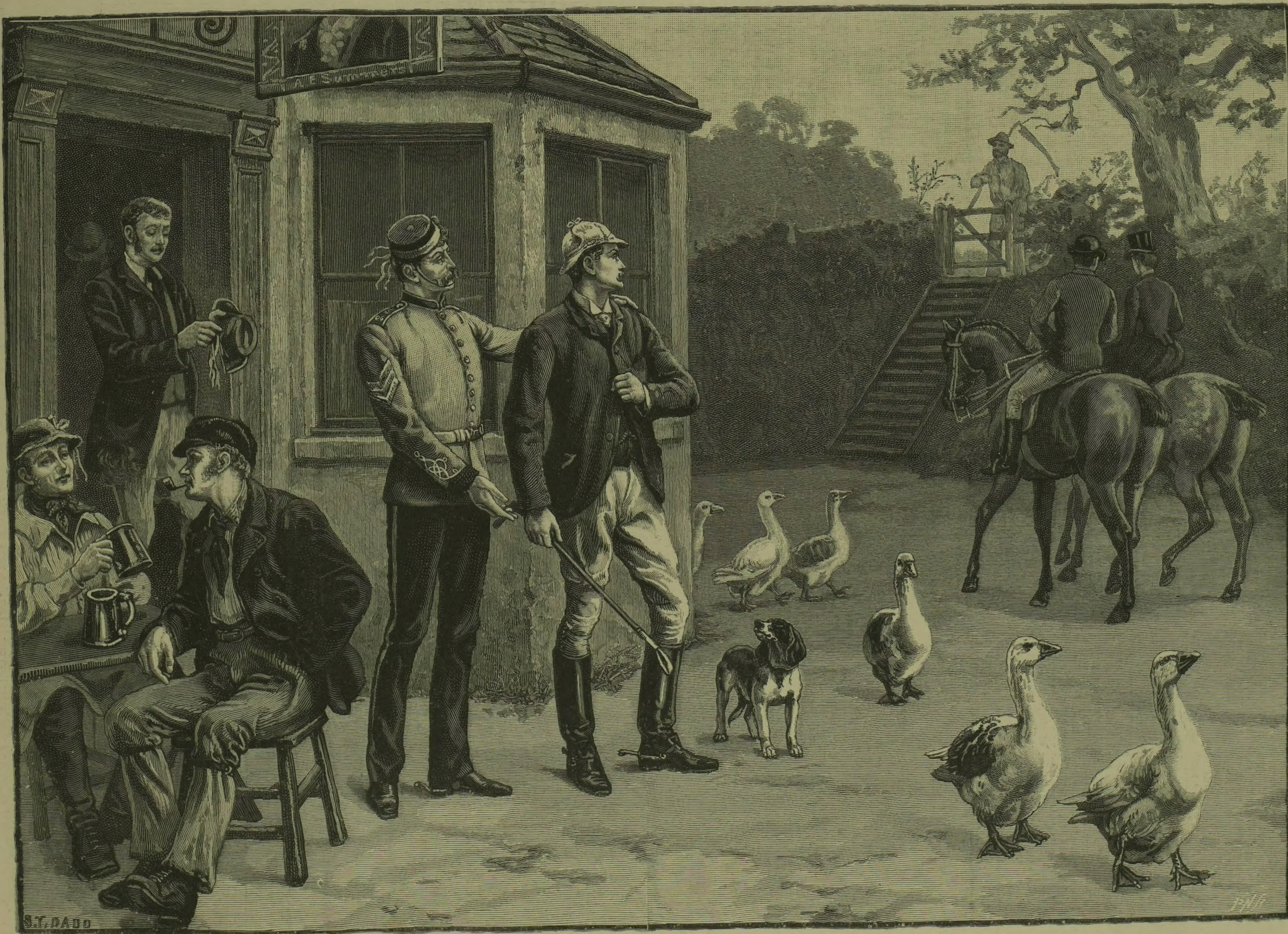
2. Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C.: "I have expressed my views to Mr. Harrington, who does not accept them; therefore, I have nothing to say."

4. Mr. E. Harrington: "I accept the responsibility of anything that appears in my paper."

5. And he gets it.

CONTEMPT OF COURT: MR. EDWARD HARRINGTON, M.P., FINED £500.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION: SKETCHES IN COURT.



S. T. DADD

"And when I'm gone, he'll have his way, and wed The prettiest maid in Rutlandshire," he said.—*Old Ballad.*

"LOVE AND GLORY."—DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

JAPAN, COREA, AND RUSSIAN TARTARY.

The political rumour of a Russian Protectorate being about to be established over the Kingdom of Corea, which was formerly under nominal dependence on the Chinese Empire, but has long resisted foreign intrusion, adds somewhat to the interest of our Sketches of the coasts of that peninsula and of Russian Tartary, and of Yesso, the most northerly large island belonging to Japan. These Sketches were made by Lieutenant G. A. Cox, R.M.L.I., on board H.M.S. Cordelia, a ship of the British naval squadron on the China station, during its northern cruise this year. The squadron, consisting of the Impérieuse, Leander, Cordelia, Sapphire, Constance, Heroine, Mutine, Swift, Linnet, Wanderer, Alacrity, and Porpoise, is seen in one Sketch lying in the harbour of Hakodadi, or Hakodate, which is one of the Treaty Ports of Japan, on the south coast of the island of Yesso, but is of diminished commercial importance. A few miles distant from Hakodadi, across the Tsugaru Strait, on the shore of Nippon or Hondo, the largest Japanese island, is the little port and town of Awomon, noted for the manufacture and sale of a peculiar sort of rough lacquer-ware, something of a curiosity. The chief town of Yesso, on the west coast fronting the Russian maritime provinces of Asia, is Sapporo, or Satuporo, up a river that flows into the Ishikari Bay; and the seaport for this town is Oterrauni, sometimes written Otaru, which is now connected with the city by a short single line of railway. A view of the head of the bay at Oterrauni, with a grotesque signalling apparatus of wooden posts and beams, on which some words of the Japanese language are inscribed, is given in one of the Sketches. The Russian Asiatic mainland coast is about 250 miles distant; it is geographically a portion of Eastern Tartary, and contains, besides the fortified naval port of Vladivostok and the Amur River, the nearer harbours of Castries Bay, Port Lazareff, Olga Bay, Peter the Great's Bay, and Possiet Harbour. The large island of Saghalien, to the north of Japan, has been annexed to the Russian Empire, whose dominions southward border also on Corea, including nearly all the mainland opposite to the Japanese islands.

NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell. Edited by W. J. Fitzpatrick. Two vols. (Murray).—In the present situation of Irish politics, those who have felt called upon to form some opinion with regard to the manner in which the Home Rule agitation has been conducted, during the past eight or nine years, should find the contents of these volumes interesting and instructive. The elders among us can personally remember the efforts of that great Irishman, unquestionably an earnest patriot and a champion of civil and religious liberty, who first raised the banner of Repeal of the Union, and whose prosecution and imprisonment, in 1844, excited much popular sympathy. The feeling then entertained concerning Daniel O'Connell by many English Liberals who did not think his main object either desirable or practicable, and who may not, if still living, have altered their view of that question, was not entirely derived from admiration of his energy and commanding genius. It was, in a great measure, from their approbation of the humane, the peaceable and law-abiding spirit in which he had carried on a purely political struggle of enormous force, and his resolute avoidance of everything likely to occasion the perpetration of outrages and acts of violence, or to incite the peasantry to a social war of classes. Daniel O'Connell, in this sense, consistently displayed a loyalty to the permanent interests of civilised and Christian society, which was perhaps due as much to the natural benevolence of his heart, and to his sincere religious sentiments as a devout member of the Catholic Church, as it was to his sagacious perception of the best way to serve his cause. With reference to agrarian outrages, committed in 1833 by the gangs of "Whitefeet," who resembled the "Moonlighters" and followers of "Rory of the Hills" lately infesting some parts of Ireland, we find him writing to a Dublin journalist: "Give a caution to the atrocious Whitefeet. They have played the game which the enemies of Ireland wished them to play." The execration of every good or honest man is upon their crimes; the vengeance of God will sooner or later be executed upon their wickedness—the last and worst of those villainous miscreants who have given strength to the enemies, and weakened the friends, of Ireland. But still I do not despair of my country." Again, towards the height of the contest, he wrote: "There can be only one way of stopping Repeal—namely, by involving it in any breach of the peace or violation of the law;" and his latest public act, in December, 1846, was to insist on excluding from the Repeal Association men who would not disclaim the idea of resorting to physical force. This example is deserving of remembrance; and the present collection of his private letters will, on the whole, not only enhance the esteem for O'Connell's personal character, which was admirable in the private relations of family and friendship, but also confirm a high estimate of his rare ability as a politician, notably of his tact and discernment of fitting means. His integrity cannot be doubted except on the supposition that he did not believe Repeal to be an attainable end, and that he wilfully practised a delusion to extract money from his misguided countrymen. But he evidently did believe in the success of his endeavours, and hoped to fulfil his promises. He might be excused for so large an expectation, because he had succeeded marvellously in the tasks of obtaining Catholic Emancipation, some reduction of the Irish Church Establishment, a Reform of the Irish Corporations, and the relief of Irish tenants from the burden of tithes, against the most vehement opposition from parties in Ireland, but with the assistance of the English Liberal Party. These were just and reasonable demands; and it was for the sake of the two last-mentioned practical reforms that O'Connell, from 1834 to 1841, lent his support to Lord Melbourne's Ministry, putting so long in abeyance, but never disavowing, his original and ultimate purpose, the Repeal of the Union. In the collection of his private letters, mostly addressed to the late Mr. Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, his confidential friend in Dublin and treasurer of the funds subscribed to maintain those political efforts, we find nothing to justify the imputation of mercenary motives. O'Connell, born in 1775, was in middle life when he gave up a professional practice worth nearly £4000 a year to devote himself to politics; he was put to enormous expense in contested elections, and in the trial of election petitions; he refused offices of dignity and emolument, such as the Mastership of the Rolls; and though he received personal assistance from the offerings of the people, as Grattan did from the Irish Parliament, and Cobden from the Anti-Corn-law League, it is certain that his pecuniary sacrifices were larger than any such compensation. The perusal of these letters, especially of his frank and unstudied communications to private friends, allows the reader to believe in his substantial integrity, and in the sincerity of his public action; and though, in dealing with the Whigs of the Melbourne period—for he was in direct hostility to Lord Grey—there was an admixture of diplomatic craftiness, he cannot be said to have behaved treacherously or deceitfully towards them. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, the editor

of this correspondence, and the author of a biography of Bishop Doyle and a book on the state of Ireland before the Union, does not pretend here to narrate the history of O'Connell's life and times, but merely inserts brief notices of important events, and provides, in the foot-notes of the pages, sufficient particulars concerning the many Irishmen, hardly known by name to us in England, who are incidentally mentioned in the letters. We presume that the editor is not a relative of Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, as there are several different families of that name; but he has performed his task with much care and diligence, having had the materials entrusted to him by the families of those to whom O'Connell was in the habit of writing, some of whom were persons of high rank and character. The collection is a valuable addition to our knowledge of those times, and to our acquaintance with a great man, whom one is even inclined to regard as a good man, allowing for the conditions of stormy struggle in which he lived and laboured, and for the ideas by which he was prompted to unsuccessful action.

The Holy Places of Jerusalem. By Professor Hayter Lewis (Murray).—The author is Emeritus Professor of Architecture in University College, and one of the executive committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He has made repeated visits to Jerusalem, and may be considered one of the first "experts" on all questions relating to the archaeology of the Holy City. The subjects principally treated upon are the Dome of the Rock, the Aksa, the Golden Gate, the Holy Sepulchre, Siloam, and Jeremiah's Grotto. A special interest has lately been felt with regard to Jeremiah's Grotto, which is just outside of the Damascus Gate. Those who are doubtful about the authenticity of the present Holy Sepulchre are inclined to believe that the real place of the crucifixion was on the knoll over the Grotto of Jeremiah. General Gordon believed in this as the true site, and Major Conder is an advocate for the same view. Professor Hayter Lewis thinks that there is as yet no reason for renouncing the old site. The greater part of his book is devoted to the Dome of the Rock, and the various theories connected with it. On this, as well as on all the subjects dealt with, the very latest information and discoveries are brought forward. It is not only a work of learned research by a competent authority, but is, at the same time, from the collection of data, a most useful treatise on the archaeology of Jerusalem. It is beautifully illustrated, principally with subjects which bear on the questions of architecture.

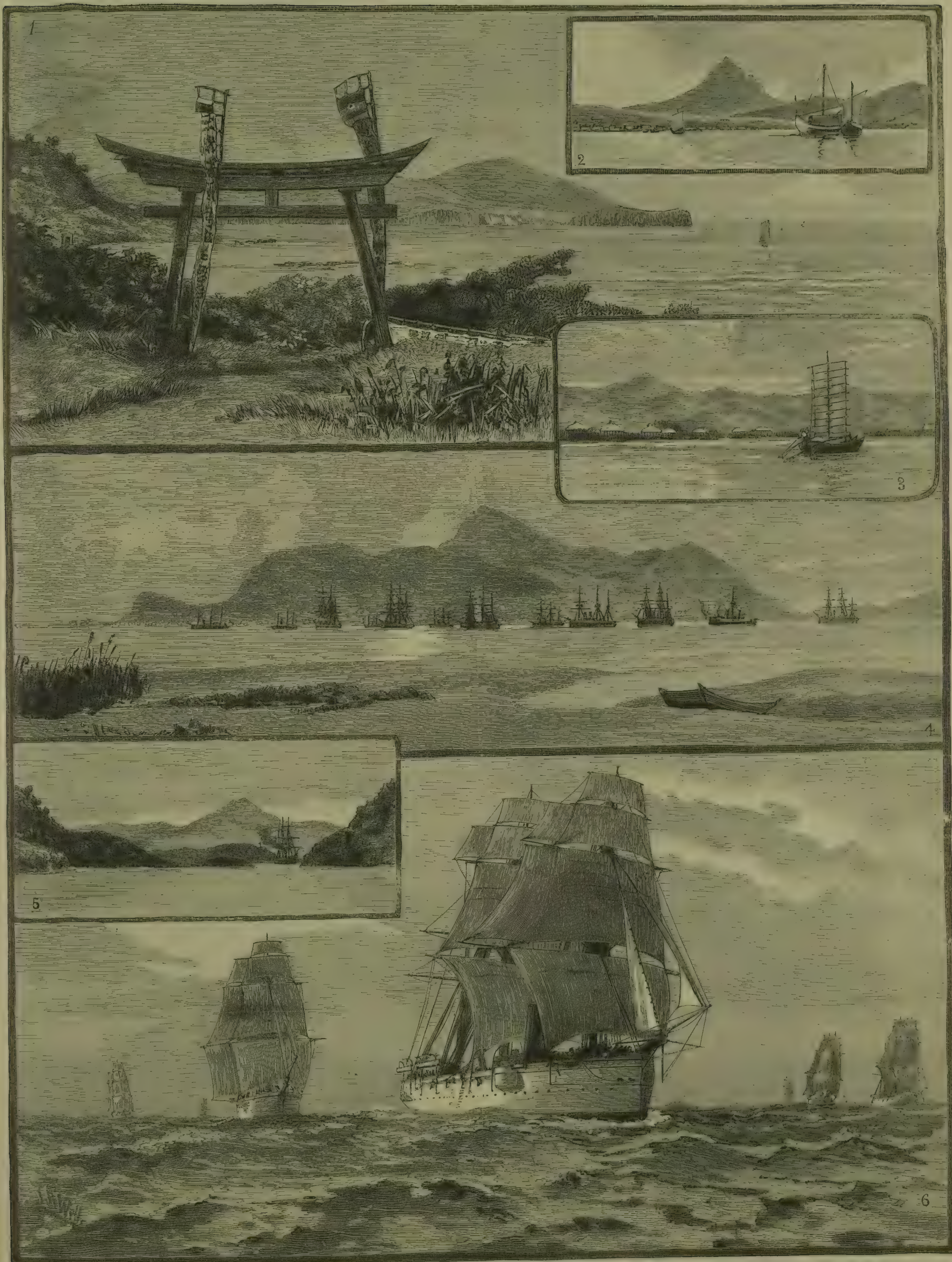
Plymouth Armada Heroes: The Hawkins Family. By Mary W. S. Hawkins (W. Brendon and Son, Plymouth).—Last July or August, in our comments on the tercentenary celebration, at Plymouth, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, we suggested that the people of that town, who have erected a statue of Sir Francis Drake on the Hoe, should do equal honour to the memory of their worthy fellow-townsmen, Sir John Hawkins, a sailor and sea-warrior of merit scarcely less than Drake, and one whose part in that great historical victory was quite as important. Miss Mary Wise Savery Hawkins, of Hayford Hall, Buckfastleigh, Devon, a lineal descendant, as shown by the pedigree annexed to this volume, from Sir John Hawkins and his son, Sir Richard Hawkins, who also fought against the Armada, and who was subsequently captured by the Spaniards, on the South American coast, and kept nine years a prisoner, has compiled a book that we wanted. Englishmen at this day can have no better reading than the biographical memoirs of a family, not merely a single person, though he was most eminent on that signal occasion, whose services during the sixteenth century, and for some years later, contributed to the strength and independence of this country, and laid the foundations of its maritime power and its commercial prosperity. It was, all that time, a Plymouth family, holding the most considerable local position. William Hawkins, merchant and shipowner, who sent out probably the earliest English expedition to the Southern Seas, and who personally made three voyages to Brazil, was twice Mayor of Plymouth in the reign of Henry VIII., and represented the borough in Parliament. His two sons—the eldest, Captain William Hawkins, "Governor" of Plymouth, builder of the fortifications of that port, and one of the most active naval commanders—the second, Admiral Sir John Hawkins, Treasurer and Comptroller of Queen Elizabeth's Navy—also held the office of Mayor, and Sir John sat for Plymouth in the House of Commons; and Sir Richard Hawkins, after his return from the Spanish captivity, was M.P. for the borough two years, and Mayor in 1604. These claims on local remembrance appear sufficient to entitle the worthies of the Hawkins family to some peculiar token of regard at Plymouth, though we are not aware that any of their descendants are now residing in the town. Their claim on national regard is undeniable, and imparts to the handsome volume before us, though not issued by a London publisher, a degree of wide public interest that must be promptly acknowledged; but in doing justice to Sir John Hawkins, his brother William, and his son Richard, who were all in the great Channel fight of 1588, we would not disparage the performances of Drake. It is, however, to be observed that, from 1573 until after the defeat of the Armada, Sir John Hawkins was charged with administrative duties similar to those of our Lords of the Admiralty; and that the construction and equipment of her Majesty's fleet, composing the most powerful part of the force commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham, had been the work of Sir John Hawkins, who also held, as well as Drake and Frobisher, a Vice-Admiral's command of one squadron in the actual engagements. After a week spent in manœuvring and fighting from near the Eddystone up to Calais, the reserve force, under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter as Admirals, joined Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral, and brought indispensable assistance. No one commander is entitled to the main credit of the achievement, but Hawkins deserves as much credit as any other. The exploits of Drake, however, at other times and on other seas and coasts, may be reputed more brilliant than those of his contemporaries, striking as these manifold feats of skilful seamanship and warlike prowess were, and unsurpassed in the naval glories of any other nation. We should like, if there were space, to repeat in detail all that is related in this book of the brave deeds of John and Richard Hawkins, before and after the mighty conflict with the Armada; to review also the diligent labours and prudent official management of John Hawkins at the Queen's dockyards, and at the naval ports of England; to notice their constant efforts of local usefulness at Plymouth, and the incidents of their domestic life. These interesting particulars will be found in the work compiled by the lady who has the honour to bear their name; and she further tells us of a third William Hawkins, nephew to Sir John and cousin to Sir Richard, an indefatigable sailor and traveller in the time of James I., regarded by her as the true founder of our Indian Empire. He landed at Surat, in August, 1608, with a commission to establish an English factory, the Portuguese being already there; he visited the Court of the Great Mogul, the Emperor Jehanghir, at Agra, married a Christian Armenian young lady there, and stayed about three years. Dying on the voyage home, this William Hawkins left a brief account

of the Mogul Court, which is curious reading; but we peruse with still greater interest that given by Richard Hawkins of his adventures on the coasts of Peru and Chili in 1594. The greatest of the family, Sir John Hawkins, died in 1595, at sea, off Porto Rico, having served his country forty-three years. Of him, in this volume, we have three portraits; the frontispiece, a photographic reproduction of an oil-painting, which is in the possession of Mr. Christopher Stuart Hawkins, father of the author; secondly, that of a beautiful bust, in basso relievo on ivory, belonging to the Rev. B. D. Hawkins, and thirdly, that of a miniature painted by Peter Oliver, to which is attached the jewel given to the Admiral by Queen Elizabeth, with a lock of her hair; this miniature and jewel are now the property of Lady Rosebery. The volume contains other illustrations, and is bound in white, with a broad red cross, the Royal Arms, and the initial letters "E.R." for the Queen whom these valiant Plymouth gentlemen served in her time of need so well. The late Rear-Admiral Abraham Mills Hawkins, who died in 1857, had done good service in the French war, and he was grandfather of the lady to whom we are indebted for this acceptable book.

B.C. 1887: A Ramble in British Columbia. By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck (Longmans).—It is a mild chronological joke, but it suggests a startling promise of very remote archaeological information, to play with two initial letters and last year's A.D. number, as the lively authors of this volume do in its title-page, which presents, however, a more acceptable recommendation—namely, that Messrs. Lees and Clutterbuck are the identical "Two of Them," who narrated, once upon a time, the entertaining travels of "Three in Norway," British Columbia, the most westerly province of the vast Dominion of Canada, beyond the prairies and the Rocky Mountain range, some 3500 miles from the Atlantic seaports, has of late been rendered accessible by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is a country of interest unsurpassed in North America for its grand and romantic highland scenery. The part of it which last year was traversed, as we read, by three English gentlemen here calling each other "Jim," "Cardie," and "The Skipper," is quite off the railway line, being situated to the south of the Kicking Horse Pass, where the railway, from the east, makes its entrance into British Columbia. It is the great valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk Mountains, containing the sources and upper streams of the Columbia River, which begins here by flowing in a north-west direction, and of the Kootenay River, which begins, not less remarkably, with a southward course; for, when these rivers get past the Selkirk range, it is curious to observe, each river has changed its direction to the reverse; and the Kootenay is there flowing towards the north, into the lake which it forms, while the Columbia is there flowing due south. The southerly bend of the Kootenay enters the United States' territory at the 49th degree of latitude, and even approaches near to the line of the Northern Pacific Railway on the shore of Pend d'Oreille Lake; but the better portion of the places described in this book are within the Canadian Dominion. They comprise, besides the Upper Kootenay, two of its highland tributaries, the Elk River, namely, and the Mooyie, which joins it above the Kootenay Lake; also, in the opposite quarter, to the north, the upper course of the Columbia River is followed to where it meets the view of railway passengers on the Canadian Pacific line. These topographical details, aided by reference to the map, are sufficient for the reader to understand what is the subject of "B.C. 1887."

Round about New Zealand. By E. W. Payton (Chapman and Hall).—The unique peculiarity of New Zealand in geographical position, and in physical conditions and natural history, not to speak of the Maori race, must always make it a separate subject of study, entirely apart from our Australian Colonies. In those conditions, which are eminently agreeable and favourable to English settlers, New Zealand is, of course, what it was ten or twenty years ago; but colonial progress is rapidly effecting great changes in social and economic statistics, in railways, harbours, and towns, in farming and trade, and in many affairs of public and private life. Hence it is really useful that a new book should be published, at tolerably frequent intervals, describing the more recent aspects of each of the principal British Colonies; and Mr. Payton, who passed three or four years in wandering about New Zealand, from his arrival in 1883, should give us serviceable information. A large part of his volume, indeed, is occupied by descriptions of the aqueous volcanic region; the hot sulphuretted springs of Ohinemutu, and the famous cascades and silica terraces of Rotomahana, since destroyed by the Tarawera eruption; also the wild shores of Lake Taupo, and the interior of "the King Country." All this has been repeatedly put before us by other visitors and writers—for example, by Mr. Kerry Nicholls, whose account of such matters is extremely precise; but Mr. Payton adds the report of an inspection of Tarawera and Rotomahana after the eruption. We look more eagerly, however, for something new and important concerning the cities of Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland, with the social and commercial life of which they are the centres, and the agricultural, pastoral, and mineral resources of the colony. It is with disappointment that we lay down the book, having failed to obtain from it any considerable addition to our previous knowledge; yet there are doubtless many readers to whom it will be interesting, and the illustrations have some merit.

By-Ways in Book-Land. By W. Davenport Adams (Elliot Stock).—One of our contributors lately commented with genial humour, and with some truth of observation, on the decline of the ancient taste for the "Belles-Lettres," both prose and verse. It cannot be denied that many readers now seem to value books for what can be got out of them, whether knowledge of events, of people and things, or trains of argument and fresh views, or objects of imaginative interest; but not so much for the graceful manner and style of expression. This difference is the same with that between the man who eats his dinner that he may not starve or be hungry, but may keep up and increase his strength, and the epicure who relishes fine meat and cookery. We are more hungry, and less dainty. But there still remain among us not a few amateurs of exquisite literature for its own sake; and this little volume is one of the most recent, one of the neatest and aptest, manifestations of that turn of mind. It contains nearly thirty short essays on literary subjects, beginning with the pleasure of using the paper-knife in cutting open the pages of a new volume; and there is one, too, on "the outsides of books." The insides, however, and the inmost characteristic qualities, of some old favourites, especially the poets, the dramatists, the idyllists, the wits and humourists, and the dealers in sportive fancies, are handled with delicate critical appreciation. There is even something yet to be said about Shakespeare—namely, about his patriotic love of England; and something also of "Don Quixote"—the English reception of that book, and certain parodies or imitations of it in English—"Elections in Literature," "The Praise of Thames," "The Season in Song," "The Recess in Rhyme," "Peers and Poetry," and "Parson Poets" are titles of much promise, which is fulfilled by the brief chapters so designated in this pleasant collection.



1. Oterraunal Bay, Yesso, Japan. 2. Awemon, Japan. 3. Port Lazareff, Corea. 4. Fleet off Hakodadi, Yesso. 5. Olga Bay, Russian Tartary. 6. Ships of Squadron trying powers of sailing.

COASTS OF JAPAN, COREA, AND RUSSIAN TARTARY.

SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE CHINA SQUADRON.

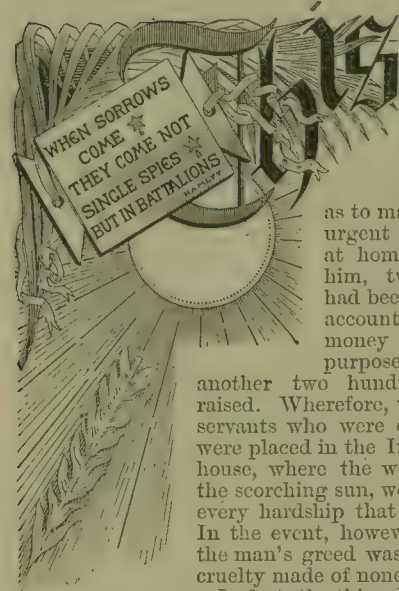
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

ON CONDITIONS.



servitude endured for a week, during which we were driven forth daily with the negroes to the hardest and most intolerable toil, the master's intention being so to disgust us with the life

as to make us write the most urgent letters to our friends at home; since, as we told him, two hundred guineas had been already paid on our account (though none of the money was used for the purpose), he supposed that another two hundred could easily be raised. Wherefore, while those of the new servants who were common country lads were placed in the Ingenio, or the curing-house, where the work is sheltered from the scorching sun, we were made to endure every hardship that the place permitted. In the event, however, as you shall hear, the man's greed was disappointed and his cruelty made of none avail.

In fact, the thing I had foreseen quickly came to pass. When a man's mind lies in a lethargy of despair, his body, no longer fortified by a cheerful disposition, presently falls into any disease which is lurking in the air. Diseases of all kinds may be likened unto wild beasts: invisible, always on the prowl, seeking whom they may devour. The young fall victims to some, the weak to others; drunkards and gluttons to others; the old to others; and the lethargic, again, to others. It was not surprising to me, therefore, when Robin, coming home one evening, fell to shivering and shaking, chattering with his teeth, and showing every external sign of cold, though the evening was still warm, and the sun had that day been more than commonly hot. Also, he turned away from his food, and would eat nothing. Therefore, as there was nothing we could give him, we covered him with our rugs; and he presently fell asleep. But in the morning, when we awoke, behold! Robin was in a high fever: his hands and head burning hot, his cheek flushed red, his eyes rolling and his brain wandering. I went forth and called the overseer to come and look at him. At first he cursed and swore, saying that the man was malingering (that is to say, pretending to be sick, in order to avoid work); that, if he was a negro instead of a gentleman, a few cuts with his lash should shortly bring him to his senses; that, for his part, he liked not this mixing of gentlemen with negroes; and that, finally, I must go and bring forth my sick man or take it upon myself to face the master, who would probably drive him afield with the stick.

"Sir," I said, "what the master may do I know not. Murder may be done by any who are wicked enough. For my part, I am a physician, and I tell you that to make this man go forth to work will be murder. But indeed he is light-headed, and with a thousand lashes you could not make him understand or obey."

Well, he grumbled, but he followed me into the hut.

"The man hath had a sunstroke," he said. "I wonder that any of you have escaped. Well, we can carry him to the sick-house, where he will die. When a new hand is taken this way he always dies."

"Perhaps he will not die," I said, "if he is properly treated. If he is given nothing but this diet of loblollie and salt beef, and nothing to drink but the foul water of the pond, and no other doctor than an ignorant old negress, he will surely die."

"Good Lord, man!" said the fellow, staring. "What the devil dost expect in this country? It is the master's loss, not mine. Carry him between you to the sick-house."

So we carried Robin to the sick-house.

At home we should account it a barn, being a great place with a thatched roof, the windows open without shutter or lattice, the door breaking away from its hinges. Within there was a black lying on a pallet, groaning most piteously. The poor wretch, for something that he had done, I know not what, had his flesh cut to pieces with the whip. With him was an old negress mumbling and mouthing.

We laid Robin on another pallet, and covered him with a rug.

"Now, man," said the overseer, "leave him there, and come forth to your work."

"Nay," I said, "he must not be left. I am a physician, and I must stay beside him."

"If he were your son I would not suffer you to stay with him."

"Man!" I cried. "Hast thou no pity?"

"Pity!" The fellow grinned. "Pity! quotha. Pity! Is this a place for pity! Why, if I showed any pity I should be working beside you in the fields. It is because I have no pity that I am overseer. Look here"—he showed me his left hand, which had been branded with a red-hot iron. "This was done in Newgate seven years ago and more. Three years more I have to serve. That done, I may begin to show some pity. Not before. Pity is scarce among the drivers of Barbadoes. As well ask the beadle for pity when he flogs a prentice."

"Let me go to the master, then."

"Best not; best not. Let this man die and keep thyself alive. The morning is the worst time for the master, because last night's drink is still in his head. Likely as not you will but make the sick man's case and your own worse. Leave him in the sick-house, and come back to him in the evening."

The man spoke with some compassion in his eyes. Just then, however, a negro boy came running from the house and spoke to the overseer.

"Why," he said, "nothing could be more pat. You can speak to the master, if you please. He is in pain, and Madam sends for Dr. Humphrey Challis. Go, Doctor. If you cure him, you will be a lucky man. If you cannot cure him, the Lord have mercy upon you! Whereas, if you suffer him to die," he added, with a grin and a whisper, "every man on the estate will fall down and worship you. Let him die! Damn him! Let him die!"

I followed the boy, who took me to that part of the house which fronts the west and north. It was a mean house of wood, low and small, considering how wealthy a man was the master of it; on three sides, however, there was built out a kind of loggia, as the Italians call it, but of wood instead of marble,

forming a cloister or open chamber, outside the house. They call it a verandah, and part of it they hang with mats made of grass, so as to keep it shaded in the afternoon and evening, when the sun is in the west. The boy brought me to this place, pointed to a chair where the master sat, and then ran away as quickly as he could.

It was easy to understand why he ran away, because the master at this moment sprang out of his chair and began to stamp up and down the verandah roaring and cursing. He was clad in a white linen dressing-gown and a great linen nightcap tied round his head. On a small table beside him stood a bottle of beer, newly opened, and a silver tankard.

When he saw me he began to swear at me for my delay in coming, though I had not lost a moment.

"Sir," I said, "if you will cease railing and blaspheming I will examine into your malady. Otherwise I will do nothing for you."

"What?" he cried. "You dare to make conditions with me, you dog, you!"

"Fair words," I said. "Fair words. I am your servant, to work on your plantation as you may command. I am not your physician; and I promise you, Sir, upon the honour of a gentleman, and without using the Sacred Name which is so often on your lips, that if you continue to rail at me I will suffer you to die rather than stir a little finger in your help."

"Suffer the physician to examine the place," said a woman's voice. "What helps it to curse and to swear?"

The voice came from a hammock swinging at the end of the verandah. It was made, I observed, of a kind of coarse grass loosely woven.

The man sat down and sulkily bade me find a remedy for the pain which he was enduring. So I consented, and examined his upper jaw, where I soon found out the cause of his pain in a good-sized tumour formed over the fangs of a grinder. Such a thing causes agony even to a person of cool blood, but to a man whose veins are inflamed with strong drink, the pain of it is maddening.

"You have got a tumour," I told him. "It has been forming for some days. It has now nearly, or quite, reached its head. It began about the time when you were cursing and insulting certain unfortunate gentlemen, who are, for the time, under your power. Take it, therefore, as a Divine judgment upon you for your cruelty and insolence."

He glared at me but said nothing, the hope of relief causing him to receive this admonition with patience, if not in good part. Besides, my finger was still upon the spot, and if I so much as pressed gently I could cause him agony unspeakable. Truly, the power of the physician is great.

"The pain," I told him, "is already grown almost intolerable. But it will be much greater in a few hours unless something is done. It is now like unto a little ball of red-hot fire in your jaw; in an hour or two it will seem as if the whole of your face was a burning fiery furnace; your cheek will swell out until your left eye is closed; your tortures, which now make you bawl, will then make you scream; you now walk about and stamp; you will then lie down on your back and kick. No negro slave ever suffered half so much under your accursed lash as you will suffer under this tumour—unless something is done."

"Doctor," it was again the woman's voice from the hammock, "you have frightened him enough."

"Strong drink," I went on, pointing to the tankard, "will only make you worse. It inflames your blood and adds fuel to the raging fire. Unless something is done the pain will be followed by delirium; that by fever, and the fever by death. Sir, are you prepared for death?"

He turned horribly pale and gasped.

"Do something for me!" he said. "Do something for me, and that without more words!"

"Nay; but I will first make a bargain with you. There is in the sick-house a gentleman, my cousin—Robin Challis by name—one of the newly-arrived rebels, and your servant. He is lying sick unto death of a sunstroke and fever caused by your hellish cruelty in sending him out to work on the fields with the negroes instead of putting him to light labour in the Ingenio or elsewhere. I say, his sickness is caused by your own devilish barbarity. Wherefore I will do nothing for you at all—do you hear? Nothing! nothing!—unless I am set free to do all I can for him. Yea; and I must have for him such cordials and generous diet as the place can afford, otherwise I will not stir a finger to help you. Otherwise—endure the torments of the damned; rave in madness and in fever. Die and go to your own place. I will not help you. So; that is my last word."

Upon this I really thought that the man had gone stark, staring mad. For, at the impudence of a mere servant (though a gentleman of far better family than his own) daring to make conditions with him, he became purple in the cheeks, and seizing his great stick which lay on the table, he began belabouring me with all his might about the head and shoulders. But I caught up a chair and used it for a shield while he capered about, striking wildly and swearing most horribly.

At this moment the lady who was in the hammock stepped out of it and walked towards us slowly, like a Queen. She was without any doubt the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She was dressed in a kind of dressing-gown of flowered silk, which covered her from head to foot; her head was adorned with the most lovely glossy black ringlets; a heavy gold chain lay round her neck, and a chain of gold with pearls was twined in her hair, so that it looked like a coronet; her fingers were covered with rings, and gold bracelets hung upon her bare white arms: but she wore man's shoes to protect her feet from the chigoes. Her figure was tall and full; her face inclined to the Spanish, being full and yet regular, with large black eyes. Though I was fighting with a madman, I could not resist the wish that I could paint her; and I plainly perceived that she was one of that race which is called quadroon, being most likely the daughter of a mulatto woman and a white father. This was evident by the character of her skin, which had in it what the Italians call the *morbidezza*, and by a certain dark hue under the eyes.

"Why," she said, speaking to the master as if he had been a petulant school-boy, "you only make yourself worse by all this fire and fury. Sit down, and lay aside your stick. And you, Sir"—she addressed herself to me—"you may be a great physician, and at home a gentleman; but here you are a servant, and therefore you are bound to help your master in all you can without first making conditions."

"I know too well," I replied. "He bought me as his servant, but not as his physician. I will not heal him without my fee; and my fee is that my sick cousin be attended to with humanity."

"Take him away!" cried the master, beside himself with rage. "Clap him in the stocks! Let him sit there all day long in the sun! He shall have nothing to eat or to drink! In the evening he shall be flogged! If it was the Duke of Monmouth himself, he should be tied up and flogged! Where the devil are the servants?"

A great hulking negro came running.

"You have now," I told him quietly, "permitted yourself to be inflamed with violent rage. The pain will therefore more

rapidly increase. When it becomes intolerable, you will be glad to send for me."

The negro dragged me away (but I made no resistance), and led me to the courtyard, where stood the stocks and a whipping-post. He pointed to the latter with a horrid grin, and then laid me fast in the former. Fortunately, he left me my hat, otherwise the hot sun would have made an end of me. I was, however, quite easy in my mind. I knew that this poor wretch, who already suffered so horribly, would before long feel in that jaw of his, as it were, a ball of fire. He would drink, in order to deaden the pain; but the wine would only make the agony more horrible. Then he would be forced to send for me.

This, in fact, was exactly what he did.

I sat in those abominable stocks for no more than an hour. Then Madam herself came to me, followed by the negro fellow who had locked my heels in those two holes.

"He is now much worse," she said. "He is now in pain that cannot be endured. Canst thou truly relieve his suffering?"

"Certainly I can. But on conditions. My cousin will die if he is neglected. Suffer me to minister to his needs. Give him what I want for him and I will cure you"—I did not know whether I might say "your husband," so I changed the words into—"my master. After that I will cheerfully endure again his accursed cruelty of the fields."

She bade the negro unlock the bar.

"Come," she said. "Let us hear no more about any bargains. I will see to it that you are able to attend to your cousin. Nay, there is an unfortunate young gentlewoman here, a rebel, and a servant like yourself—for the last week she doth nothing but weep for the misfortunes of her friends—meaning you and your company. I will ask her to nurse the sick man. She will desire nothing better, being a most tender-hearted woman. And as for you, it will be easy for you to look after your cousin and your master at the same time."

"Then, Madam," I replied, "take me to him, and I will speedily do all I can to relieve him."

I found my patient in a condition of mind and body most dangerous. I wondered that he had not already fallen into a fit, so great was his wrath and so dreadful his pain. He rolled his eyes; his cheeks were purple; he clenched his fists; he would have gnashed his teeth but for the pain in his jaws.

"Make yourself easy," said Madam. "This learned physician will cause your pain to cease. I have talked with him and put him into a better mind."

The master shook his head as much as to say that a better mind would hardly be arrived at without the assistance of the whipping-post; but the emergency of the case prevented that indulgence. Briefly, therefore, I took out my lancet and pierced the place, which instantly relieved the pain. Then I placed him in bed, bled him copiously, and forbade his taking anything stronger than small-beer. Freedom from pain and exhaustion presently caused him to fall into a deep and tranquil sleep. After all this was done I was anxious to see Robin.

"Madam," I said, "I have now done all I can. He will awake at noon, I dare say. Give him a little broth, but not much. There is danger of fever. You had better call me again when he awakes. Warn him solemnly that rage, revenge, cursing, and beating must be all postponed until such time as he is stronger. I go to visit my cousin in the sick-house, where I await your commands."

"Sir," she said courteously, "I cannot sufficiently thank your skill and zeal. You will find the nurse of whom I spoke in the sick-house with your cousin. She took with her some cordial, and will tell me what else you order for your patient. I hope your cousin may recover. But, indeed"—she stopped and sighed.

"You would say, Madam, that it would be better for him and for us all to die. Perhaps so. But we must not choose to die, but rather strive to live as more in accordance with the Word of God."

"The white servants have been hitherto the common rogues and thieves and sweepings of your English streets," she said. "Sturdy rogues are they all, who fear naught but the lash, and have nothing of tenderness left but tender skins. They rob and steal; they will not work, save by compulsion; they are far worse than the negroes for laziness and drunkenness. I know not why they are sent out, or why the planters buy them, when the blacks do so much better serve their turn, and they can without reproach beat and flog the negroes, while to flog and beat the whites is by some accounted cruel."

"All this, Madam, is doubtless true; but my friends are not the sweepings of the street."

"No, but you are treated as if you were. It is a new thing having gentlemen among the servants, and the planters are not yet accustomed to them. They are a masterful and a wilful folk, the planters of Barbados; from childhood upwards they have their own way, and brook not opposition. You have seen into what a madness of wrath you threw the master by your opposition. Believe me, Sir, the place is not wholesome for you and for your friends. The master looks to get a profit not from your labour, but by your ransom. Sir"—she looked me very earnestly in the face—"if you have friends at home—if you have any friends at all—entreat them—command them—immediately to send money for your ransom. It will not cost them much. If you do not get the money you will most assuredly die, with the hard work and the fierce sun. All the white servants die except the very strongest and lustiest. Whether they work in the fields, or in the garden, or in the Ingenio, or in the stables, they die. They cannot endure the hot sun and the hard fare. They presently catch a fever, or a calenture, or a cramp, and so they die. This young gentlewoman who is now with your cousin will presently fall into melancholy and die. There is no help for her, or for you—believe me, Sir—there is no hope for any of you but to get your freedom." She broke off here, and never at any other time spoke to me again upon this subject.

In three weeks' time, indeed, we were to regain our freedom, but not in the way Madam imagined.

Before I go on to tell of the wonderful surprise which awaited me I must say that there was, after this day, no more question about field-work for me. In this island, there was, at the moment when we arrived, a great scarcity of physicians; nay, there were none properly qualified to call themselves physicians, though a few quacks: the sick servants on the estates were attended by the negroes, some of whom have, I confess, a wonderful knowledge of herbs—in which respect they may be likened to our countrywomen, who, for fevers, agues, toothache, and the like, are as good as any physicians in the world. It was, therefore, speedily rumoured abroad that there was a physician upon my master's estate, whereupon there was immediately a great demand for his services; and henceforth I went daily with the master's consent, to visit the sick people on the neighbouring estates—nay, I was even called upon by his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor himself, Mr. Steed, to treat him for a complaint from which he suffered. And I not only gave advice and medicines, but I also received my fee just as if I had been practising in London. But the fees went to my



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

She bade the negro unlock the bar. "Come," she said, "let us hear no more about any bargains."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

master, who took them all, and offered me no better diet than before. That, however, mattered little, because where-ever I went I asked for, and always received, food of a more generous kind and a glass or two of wine, so that I fared well and kept my health during the short time that we remained upon the island. I had also to thank Madam for many a glass of Madeira, dish of chocolata, plate of fruit, and other things not only for my patient Robin, but also for myself, and for another, of whom I have now to speak.

When, therefore, the master was at length free from pain and in a comfortable sleep, I left him, with Madam's permission, and sought the sick-house in a most melancholy mood, because I believed that Robin would surely die whatever I should do. And I confess that, having had but little experience of sunstroke and the kind of fever which followeth upon it, and having no books to consult and no medicine at hand, I knew not well what I could do for him. And the boasted skill of the physician, one must confess, availeth little against a disease which hath once laid hold upon a man. 'Tis better for him so to order the lives of his patients while they are well as to prevent disease, just as those who dwell beside an unruly river (as I have seen upon the great river Rhone) build up a high levée, or bank, over which the flood cannot pass.

In the sick-house the floor was of earth without boards; there was no other furniture but two or three wooden pallets, on each a coarse mattress with a rug; and all was horribly filthy, unwashed, and foul. Beside the pallet where Robin lay there knelt, praying, a woman with her head in her hands. Heavens! there was, then, in this dark and heathenish place one woman who still remembered her Maker!

Robin was awake. His restless eyes rolled about; his hands clutched uneasily at his blanket; and he was talking. Alas! the poor brain, disordered and wandering, carried him back to the old village. He was at home again in imagination, though we were so far away. Yea; he had crossed the broad Atlantic, and was back in fair Somerset, among the orchards and the hills. And only to hear him talk, the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Alice," he said. Alas! he thought that he was again with the sweet companion of his youth. "Alice; the nuts are ripe in the woods. We will to-morrow take a basket and go gather them. Benjamin shall not come to spoil sport. Besides, he would want to eat them all himself. Humphrey shall come, and you, and I. That will be enough."

Then his thoughts changed again. "Oh! my dear," he said—in a moment he had passed over ten years, and was now with his mistress, a child no longer. "My dear, thou hast so sweet a face. Nowhere in the whole world is there so sweet a face. I have always loved thy face; not a day but it has been in my mind—always my love, my sweetheart, my soul, my life. My dear, we will never leave the country; we want no grandeur of rank, and state, and town; we will always continue here. Old age shall find us lovers still. Death cannot part us, oh! my dear, save for a little while—and then sweet heaven will unite us again to love each other for ever, and for ever."

"Oh! Robin! Robin! Robin!" I knew that voice. Oh! Heavens! was I dreaming? Was I, too, wandering? Were we all back in Somerset? For the voice was none other than the voice of Alice herself!

CHAPTER XLII.

ALICE.

"Alice!" I cried.

She rose from her knees and turned to meet me. Her face was pale; her eyes were heavy and they were full of tears.

"Alice!"

"I saw you when you came here, a week ago," she said. "Oh! Humphrey, I saw you, and I was ashamed to let you know that I was here."

"Ashamed? My dear, ashamed? But how—why—what dost thou here?"

"How could I meet Robin's eyes after what I had done!"

"It was done for him, and for his mother, and for all of us. Poor child, there is no reason, indeed, to be ashamed."

"And now I meet him and he is in a fever, and his mind wanders; he knows me not."

"He is sorely stricken, Alice; I know not how the disease may end; mind and body are sick alike. For the mind I can do nothing; for the body I can do but little: yet with cleanliness and good food we may help him to mend. But tell me, Child, in the name of Heaven, how camest thou in this place?"

But before anything she would attend to the sick man. And presently she brought half-a-dozen negresses, who cleaned and swept the place, and sheets were fetched and a linen shirt, in which we dressed our patient, with such other things as we could devise for his comfort. Then I bathed his head with cold water, continually changing his bandages so as to keep him cool; and I took some blood from him, but not much, because he was greatly reduced by bad food and hard work.

When he was a little easier we talked. But Heavens! to think of the villainy which had worked its will upon this poor child! As if it was not enough that she should be forced to fly from a man who had so strangely betrayed her, and as if it was not enough that she should be robbed of all her money—but she must also be put on board, falsely and treacherously, as one, like ourselves, sentenced to ten years' servitude on the Plantations! For, indeed, I knew and was quite certain that none of the Maids of Taunton were thus sent abroad. It was notorious, before we were sent away, that, with the exception of Susan Blake, who died of jail-fever at Dorchester, all the Maids were given to the Queen's ladies, and by them suffered to go free on the payment by their parents of thirty or forty pounds apiece. And as for Alice, she was a stranger in the place, and it was not known that she had joined that unfortunate procession. So that if ever a man was kidnapper and villain, that man was George Penne.

It behoves a physician to keep his mind under all circumstances calm and composed. He must not suffer himself to be carried away by passion, by rage, hatred, or even anxiety. Yet, I confess that my mind was clean distracted by the discovery that Alice herself was with us, a prisoner like ourselves; I was, I say, distracted, nor could I tell what to think of this event and its consequences. For, to begin with, the poor child was near those who would protect her. But what kind of protection could be given by such helpless slaves? Then was she beyond her husband's reach; he would not, it was quite certain, get possession of her at this vast distance. So far she was safe. But then the master, who looked to make a profit by her, as he looked to make a profit by us—through the ransom of her friends! She had no friends to ransom her. There was but one, the Rector, and he was her husband's father. The time would come when the avarice of the master would make him do or threaten something barbarous towards her. Then she had found favour with Madam, this beautiful mulatto woman, whom Alice innocently supposed to be the master's wife. And there was the young planter, who wished to buy her with the honourable intention of marrying her. In short, I knew not what to think or to say, because at one moment it seemed as if it was the most Providential thing in the world that Alice should have been brought here,

and the next moment it seemed as if her presence only magnified our evils.

"Nay," she said, when I opened my mind to her, "seeing that the world is so large, what but a special ruling of Providence could have brought us all to this same island, out of the whole multitude of isles—and then again to this same estate out of so many? Humphrey, your faith was wont to be stronger. I believe—nay, I am quite sure—that it was for the strengthening and help of all alike that this hath been ordained. First, it enables me to nurse my poor Robin—mine, alas! no longer! Yet must I still love him as long as I have a heart to beat."

"Love him always, Child," I said. "This is no sin to love the companion of thy childhood, thy sweetheart, from whom thou wast torn by the most wicked treachery"—but could say no more, because the contemplation of that sweet face, now so mournful, yet so patient, made my voice to choke and my eyes to fill with tears. Said I not that a physician must still keep his mind free from all emotion?

All that day I conversed with her. We agreed that for the present she should neither acknowledge nor conceal the truth from Madam, upon whose good-will was now placed all our hopes. That is to say, if Madam questioned her, she was to acknowledge that we were her former friends; but if Madam neither suspected anything, nor asked her anything, she should keep the matter to herself. She told me during this day all that had happened unto her since I saw her last, when we marched out of Taunton. Among other things I heard of the woman called Deb, who was now working in the canefields (she was one of a company whose duty it was to weed the canes). In the evening this woman, when the people returned, came to the sick-house. She was a great strapping woman, stronger than most men. She was dressed, like all the women on the estate, in a smock and petticoat, with a thick coif to keep off the sun, and a pair of strong shoes.

She came to help her mistress, as she fondly called Alice. She wanted to sit up and watch the sick man, so that her mistress might go to sleep. But Alice refused. Then this faithful creature rolled herself up in her rug and laid herself at the door, so that no one should go in or out without stepping over her. And so she fell asleep.

Then we began our night-watch, and talked in whispers sitting by the bedside of the fevered man. Presently, I forgot the wretchedness of our condition, the place where we were, our hopeless, helpless lot, our anxieties and our fears, in the joy and happiness of once more conversing with my mistress. She spoke to me after the manner of the old days, but with more seriousness, about the marvellous workings of the Lord among His people; and presently we began to talk of the music which we loved to play, and how the sweet concord and harmony of the notes lifted up the soul; and of pictures and painting, and Mr. Boscorel's drawings and my own poor attempts, and my studies in the schools of medicine, and so forth, as if my life was, indeed, but just beginning, and, instead of the Monmouth cap, and the canvas breeches, and common shirt, I was once more arrayed in velvet with a physician's wig and a goldheaded cane.

Lastly she prayed, entreating merciful Heaven to bestow health of mind and enlargement of body to the sick man upon the bed, and her brother, and her dear friend (meaning myself), and to all poor sufferers for religion; and she asked that, as it had been permitted that she should be taken from her earthly lover by treachery, so it might now be granted to her to lay down her life for his, so that he might go free and she die in his place.

Through the open window I saw the four stars which make the constellation they call the "Cruceroes," being like a cross fixed in the heavens. The night was still, and there was no sound save the shrill noise of the cigala, which is here as shrill as in Padua. Slave and master, bondman and free, were all asleep save in this house, where Robin rolled his heavy head,

and murmured without ceasing, and Alice communed with her God. Surely, surely, I thought, here was no room for doubt? This my mistress had been brought here by the Hand of God Himself, to be as an angel or messenger of His own, for our help and succour—haply for our spiritual help alone, seeing that no longer was there any help from man.

(To be continued.)

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CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

D. OF M.	D. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.			DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.				HIGH WATER AT				Day of Year.			
			Rises.	Souths before Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets. Aftern.	Before Sunrise.				After Sunset.				London Bridge.		Liverpool Dock.		
								O'Clock.	0	2	4	6	8	Moon's Age.	O'Clock.	6		8	10	12
1	S	Princess of Wales born, 1841	7 45	10 34	3 52	4 37	3 7							27		11 55	—	8 53	9 20	336
2	S	1ST SUNDAY IN ADVENT	7 47	10 11	3 52	6 3	3 39							28		0 19	0 43	9 44	10 8	337
3	M	Samuel Crompton born, 1753	7 48	9 47	3 51	7 28	4 19							29		1 8	1 31	10 33	10 56	338
4	Tu	Pretender at Derby, 1742	7 50	9 22	3 50	8 49	5 8							1		1 56	2 19	11 21	11 41	339
5	W	Mozart died, 1792	7 52	8 57	3 50	9 58	6 9							2		2 44	3 7	—	0 9	340
6	Th	St. Nicholas	7 53	8 31	3 50	10 53	7 18							3		3 32	3 56	0 32	0 57	341
7	F	Marshal Ney shot, 1815	7 54	8 5	3 50	11 36	8 31							4		4 22	4 46	1 21	1 47	342
8	S	Conception of Virgin Mary	7 55	7 38	3 49	Aftern.	9 47							5		5 10	5 35	2 11	2 35	343
9	S	2ND SUNDAY IN ADVENT	7 56	7 11	3 49	0 38	10 59							6		6 1	6 28	3 0	3 26	344
10	M	Royal Academy founded, 1768	7 57	6 44	3 49	0 59	Morn.							7		6 57	7 26	3 53	4 22	345
11	Tu	St. Martin	7 58	6 16	3 49	1 18	0 10							8		7 57	8 29	4 51	5 22	346
12	W	Fall of Plevna, 1877	7 59	5 48	3 50	1 37	1 19							9		9 4	9 42	5 54	6 29	347
13	Th	Thomas Wright, F.S.A., died, 1877	8 0	5 19	3 50	1 56	2 26							10		10 16	10 47	7 7	7 41	348
14	F	Prince Albert died, 1861	8 1	4 50	3 50	2 15	3 30							11		11 17	11 44	8 12	8 42	349
15	S	Izaak Walton died, 1683	8 2	4 21	3 50	2 37	4 35							12		—	0 8	9 9	9 33	350
16	S	3RD SUNDAY IN ADVENT	8 2	3 52	3 51	3 4	5 41							13		0 31	0 51	9 56	10 16	351
17	M	Oxford Michaelmas Term ends	8 3	3 23	3 51	3 35	6 44							14		1 12	1 30	10 37	10 55	352
18	Tu	Wesley born, 1708	8 4	2 53	3 51	4 13	7 44							15		1 49	2 7	11 14	11 32	353
19	W	Cambridge Michaelmas Term ends	8 5	2 23	3 51	4 58	8 39							16		2 23	2 41	11 48	—	354
20	Th	Napoleon III. elected President, 1848	8 5	1 54	3 52	5 53	9 28							17		2 58	3 14	0 6	0 23	355
21	F	St. Thomas. Michaelmas Law Sittings end	8 6	1 24	3 52	6 54	10 9							18		3 31	3 48	0 39	0 56	356
22	S	Perceval shot, 1788	8 6	0 54	3 53	7 59	10 44							19		4 7	4 26	1 13	1 32	357
23	S	4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT	8 7	Before Noon	3 53	9 10	11 14							20		4 43	5 1	1 51	2 8	358
24	M	Hugh Miller died, 1856	8 7	0 6	3 54	10 22	11 38							21		5 21	5 43	2 26	2 46	359
25	Tu	Christmas Day	8 7	0 36	3 55	11 36	Aftern.							22		6 6	6 31	3 8	3 31	360
26	W	Bank Holiday. Boxing Day	8 7	1 6	3 56	Morn.	0 23							23		6 58	7 26	3 56	4 23	361
27	Th	St. John, Evangelist	8 8	1 35	3 57	0 52	0 43							24		7 56	8 27	4 51	5 21	362
28	F	Innocents' Day	8 8	2 5	3 58	2 11	1 7							25		9 2	9 39	5 52	6 27	363
29	S	W. E. Gladstone born, 1809	8 8	2 34	3 58	3 33	1 34							26		10 12	10 45	7 4	7 37	364
30	S	1ST SUND. AFT. CHRISTMAS	8 8	3 3	3 58	4 56	2 8							27		11 19	11 51	8 10	8 41	365
31	M	Silvester	8 8	3 32	3 59	6 17	2 52							28		—	0 20	9 16	9 45	366

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR DECEMBER.

The MOON is near Mercury on the morning of the 2nd. She is near Jupiter on the 3rd; she is near Venus on the evening of the 5th; and very near Mars on the evening of the 6th. She is near Saturn during the night hours of the 22nd, and morning hours of the 23rd, being to the left of the planet the whole night. The planet will be on the meridian or due south at 22 minutes after 3h on the morning of the 23rd, and the Moon 21 minutes later, and she is near Jupiter on the 31st. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the 3rd at 6 minutes after 10 in the morning.
First Quarter " 10th " 45 " 6 " "
Full Moon " 18th " 41 " 10 " "
Last Quarter " 26th " 0 " 6 " "

She is nearest the Earth on the 3rd, the most distant from it on the 16th, and nearest again on the 31st.

MERCURY rises on the 5th at 6h 41m a.m., or 1h 11m before sunrise; on the 10th at 7h 5m a.m., or 50 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 15th at 7h 29 a.m., or 33 minutes before sunrise; on the 20th at 7h 50m a.m., or 15 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 22nd at 7h 58m a.m., or 8 minutes before sunrise. He sets on the 25th at 3h 34m p.m., or 21 minutes before

sunset; and on the 31st at 3h 53m p.m., or 6 minutes before the Sun sets. He is near the Moon on the 2nd; in descending node on the 10th; is near Jupiter on the 17th; at greatest distance from the Sun on the 20th, and in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 28th.

VENUS sets on the 1st at 6h 12m p.m., on the 8th at 6h 29m p.m., on the 18th at 6h 58m p.m., on the 28th at 7h 30m p.m., and on the 31st at 7h 38m p.m. She is near the Moon on the 5th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 7h 29m p.m., on the 9th at 7h 33m p.m., on the 29th at 7h 45m p.m., and on the 31st at 7h 47m p.m. He is at the least distance from the Sun on the 3rd, and near the Moon on the 6th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 6h 16m p.m., or 24 minutes after sunset; on the 8th at 3h 54m p.m., or five minutes after sunset. He rises on the 8th at 7h 54m a.m., or 1 minute before sunrise; on the 18th at 7h 27m a.m., or 37 minutes before the sun rises; on the 28th at 6h 58m a.m., or 1h 10m before the Sun rises, and on the 31st at 6h 49m a.m., or 1h 19m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 3rd; in conjunction with the Sun on the 8th, and near the Moon again on the last day.

SATURN rises on the 1st at 9h 19m p.m., on the 7th at 8h 56m p.m., on the 17th at 8h 15m p.m., on the 27th at 7h 34m p.m., and on the 31st at 7h 17m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 22nd.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Society of British Artists (Suffolk-street, Pall-mall) has suffered many things of many physicians—who would, doubtless, dub one another scientists or charlatans in accordance with the traditions of their respective schools. Unhappily the *corpus vile* upon which these varied experiments have been made shows little or no recuperative power; and although Mr. Whistler's golden butterfly still flutters on the Society's notice-board outside, yet within the art of painting seems still in its larva or pupillary state. Dullness and respectability are the notes of the present exhibition which opened this week; and in spite of contributions from Mr. Watts, Sir F. Leighton, and the veteran ex-R.A., Mr. George Richmond, there are few signs that the new president, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, has been able to achieve more satisfactory results—so far, at least, as the public is concerned—than his versatile, and perhaps volatile, predecessor. To the very natural inquiry as to whether the realistic or the imaginative school is predominant in the present exhibition, we should be forced to say that neither the one nor the other could claim any distinctive place. Perhaps we shall be told that it was necessary to return to that level of sobriety and common-sense which the Society of British Artists occupied for so many years with much apparent satisfaction to its members. If so, we must congratulate these lauders of the past in having triumphed all along the line; but there our satisfaction must cease, for we doubt very much whether any who look forward to the future of British art will find much ground for hope and confidence in the work here offered to their notice.

To begin with, the intended "purple patches" of this exhibition, even Mr. Watts' "Ganymede" (357), a chubby-faced boy with a head too large for his body, fails to convey any recondite idea, such as might have been anticipated from the artist. The boy's face seems to convey rather the idea of surprise that the eagle which bears him aloft should have adopted an attitude which must render his flight a little difficult, if not perilous. Sir F. Leighton's sketch for his picture of "The Daphnephoria" (157) is scarcely more than a study in India ink, and is only interesting as showing how the group finally arranged itself in the artist's mind and picture. Mr. George Richmond's portrait of Mr. A. J. Balfour (158) is a narrow, harsh treatment of a face of which sliness is not the predominant feature. Another veteran, Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, sends an oil picture of a vacant-faced girl in a red kerchief and white sleeves—"On a Balcony" (64)—which is chiefly interesting as an instance of the survival of the type which has furnished Mr. Dobson with models or inspiration for more than half a century. One turns from such works with a feeling of discouragement, recognising only too well the influence they have had upon a large number of would-be painters. It is, however, refreshing to find one's self, for example, in face of Mr. Dudley Hardy's "A la Foire" (402), a really vivid as well as humorous treatment of the leading sights of a country fair in France. The half-lights on the erected stage, upon which the actors display themselves and proclaim the attractions of the show, are well caught; and the faces in the well-grouped crowd show considerable power as well as skilful colouring. Mr. Yeend King is a painstaking, conscientious artist, who does his best to make the exhibition a success, and of his three works the "Rod Shed" (267A)—a scene of riverside life—is of softer tone than either the "Farm on a Kentish Coast" (323) or the "Willow Brook" (450). Another very clever work to which we are glad to call attention is Miss Alice Nicholson's "Wet Day, Clovelly" (74), which owes something to the boldness of the artist's conception. The little picture represents the narrow space between two white-washed cottages into which a simply attired servant has stepped to fill her bucket at the rain-shoot. The easy attitude of the single figure and the skilful arrangement of the white walls quite place the work outside the general average of the exhibited work. Passing rapidly through the various rooms, we may premise by saying that the Large Gallery does not contain the best works by any means, and that the places of honour awarded are scarcely deserved by the works occupying them, except on the ground of their size.

In the North-West Room, we should especially select as praiseworthy Mr. O. Rickatson's "Road over the Hill" (16), Mr. J. Clark's "Nazarene Mother" (20); Mr. John Faulkner's "Errisberg Hill" (36), a fresh, breezy view of the coast of Galway; Miss Margaret Hickson's "Path through the Wood" (65); Mr. A. B. Donaldson's "Gate of Justice, Alhambra" (89); Mr. Follen Bishop's "Down by the Meadow Brook" (95); Mr. C. S. Mottram's "In the Wake of the Margate Boat" (99), although the smoke occupies too much space; and Mr. Albert Hartland's "Harvest-time."

In the North-East Room, the most noteworthy pictures are Mr. W. H. Weatherhead's "Churning" (136)—a pleasant contrast to the exaggerated and overstrained "Private Secretary" (138) of Mr. Collingwood—Mr. Leopold Rivers' airy view of "Matching, Essex" (143), and Mr. C. T. Davidson's "Perran Sands" (148). The new president, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, is also represented in this room by one of his clever architectural works, "Lierre Cathedral" (168); and we meet him again, with much pleasure, in "Amiens Cathedral" (308), and again in the "Sacristy of Rouen" (498). But we have long had reason to know the sympathy and reverence with which Mr. Wyke Bayliss touches Gothic art, and we should like to see the President of British Artists display a wider range and a more catholic sympathy. To continue our tour of inspection, Mr. Nelson Dawson's bold escapade, "Like Molten Silver" (167), an effect of bright light upon broken water, is, at any rate, striking; Mr. Carl Haag's "Koran Reader" (183) is quieter in colour than usual, but the picture is not the worse for this, and the Arab bestrides his camel with ease and dignity. Mr. James Hayllar's Sketches (182 and 184) are painted with his usual firmness of outline; and Miss Laura Darcy's "Hanging Committee" (189), a row of hanging bats, has not only originality, but very nice colour to recommend it. We should also mention Mr. Benuzzi's "Daybreak" (206), a sketch on the outer canal at Venice, and in pleasing contrast to Mr. W. H. Boot's overcoloured "San Giorgio" (214). Miss B. W. Spiers's "Bric-à-Brac Shop" (223) and Miss Nora Davison's "Trawlers" (222) have also a merit of their own.

In the large room Mr. L. C. Henley's "Castles in the Air" (230) contains a nicely-drawn figure of a girl in a pink dress; Mr. Gotch's "Old Master" (239) could scarcely paint with a broader brush than that with which he has been painted; Mr. Sherwood Hunter's "Scripture Story" (244) is a Dutch interior, apparently on Sunday evening, where the old Frisian mother, dressed in her best, is reading to her daughter, who kneels beside her. Mr. Frank Calderon's "Homewards" (266); Mr. E. M. Bakewell's "The Daily Round" (269), the interior of a peasant's cottage; Mr. F. Shenlove's "Silent Water" (272); Miss Laurance's "Jack" (280), a boy's head very simply and cleverly painted; Mr. Haynes King's "Badinage" (290); Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Shelling Peas" (295), not up to his usual level; Mr. W. A. Breakspeare's "Raphaini's Daughter" (320), of which the red dress is not a satisfactory tint; Mr. James Hayllar's "Idle Hands" (314); and Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Asleep" (336), a girl in lilac-grey dress on a settee, against a white background, are among the principal attractions of the room. Mr. Edwin Ellis, who still remains

faithful to the Society, gets more mannerish in his rendering of rocks and sea-swells. Mr. J. S. Hill and Mr. Edward Elliot, among the other members, seem to promise a better future; but Mr. A. W. Strutt will bring himself into trouble and Royal sportsmen into disrepute if he persists in representing the Prince of Wales shooting an elk (387) at a distance of barely twenty yards.

In the other rooms some works by Mr. Herbert Vos, Mr. A. Heleke, and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, although unimportant when compared with others by the same artists exhibited elsewhere, yet when seen among their surroundings here, command attention.

ART NOTES.

At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Geo. Scharf, C.B., read an interesting paper upon a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was graciously lent by her present Majesty for the inspection of the members. The portrait, which is full-length, was purchased by the late Prince Consort somewhere in London; but the dealer by whom it was sold could give no account of its antecedents. Mr. Geo. Scharf discovered that it is identical in almost every detail with a portrait of the same Queen which is to be found engraved in Montfaucon's "Monuments de la France Monarchique" (Paris, 1723). The natural question arises whether the limner was indebted to the engraver, or vice-versâ; or whether there ever existed an original which was known equally to both. Mr. Scharf, for reasons which he put forward with cogency and moderation, inclined in favour of the painted picture as an original and probably contemporary work. Mr. Calderon, R.A., however, taking the artist's point of view, thought that the cracks in the picture indicated the use of bitumen in the preparation of the surface of the panel; and if this be the case the work must be ascribed to the eighteenth century, for it was not until that period that these bituminous surfaces came into vogue. Without pretending to offer any opinion on a point on which competent authorities are unable to agree, we may remark that portraits in the style of that lent by her Majesty are by no means uncommon in certain old families of Belgium, such as the Aremberg, Chimay, Beaufort, and in the old French provincial châteaux of Touraine, the Limousin, and Provence. It has been supposed that they became fashionable in the reign of Louis XIV., and were supplied in large numbers by artists of the Low Countries and Germany. This particular portrait represents Mary, Queen of Scots, with fair hair, somewhat marked features, but without special beauty, although it gave a more flattering representation than the undoubted miniature originally belonging to Charles I., and now at Windsor, which the Queen also allowed to be exhibited on this occasion.

Within the last week or so there have been a few changes in the Bond-street galleries which deserve a passing notice. Messrs. Agnew (39, Old Bond-street) have now on view, previous to its being engraved, Mr. H. Herkomer's portrait of Mrs. Gladstone—a work on which it is easy to see the artist has spared neither pains nor ability. The accessories of the picture have been brought down to the simplest form—a part of the library at Hawarden being faintly suggested—and the whole interest is concentrated on the face. There is something exceedingly winning and sympathetic in the face, which, at Mrs. Gladstone's age, is more than mere beauty of feature, and Mr. Herkomer has apparently aimed in his portrait to bring out the sweetness and dignity of the sitter's character. In this he has achieved a very distinct success, which should weigh with his wavering supporters when the moment arrives for filling up the late Mr. Frank Holl's vacancy. In technical respects Mr. Herkomer has seldom achieved a more legitimate success than in this portrait, which bears no signs of hurry or distraction.

At the same gallery there is another portrait, of a very different calibre and character—that of General Sir Donald Stewart, by Miss Reed, hitherto unknown as a portrait-painter. The face of the old warrior who has shown his courage upon so many fields is painted with considerable force and truth, and the artist has struggled courageously with the difficulties of the scarlet uniform crossed by the broad red Ribbon of the Bath—no such combination of colour can possibly be effective from a pictorial point of view—and Miss Reed deserves credit for her courage in attempting what many an artist of achieved reputation would have shrunk from instinctively.

At the Goupil Galleries (116, New Bond-street) is to be found a miscellaneous collection of works by French, English, and American artists—amongst which M. Victor Corcos's pictures in the latest style of French art will, probably, attract the most notice, although we think them scarcely adapted to English tastes. Messrs. Swan and Hamilton represent the French-American school which is steadily making progress on both sides of the Atlantic—and on both sides of the English Channel—in spite of its occasional digressions in search of the "sensationalism" of certain Paris painters.

Miss J. E. Harrison's lecture at the South Kensington Museum treated of the rise of the worship of Æsculapius—the Health-God—who, to some extent, had at a very early period appeared upon the scene as a rival to Apollo, and Miss Harrison traced the popularity of the new "physician" at Epidaurus and afterwards at Athens, where he ultimately acquired a site in the Acropolis for a fashionable "health-resort"—of which his followers made an obviously "good thing" in later times. The suggestion conveyed by this development of a "cult" were lost upon the serious and depressed votaries of "culture" who form the majority of the audience at Miss Harrison's lectures. A class of sixth-form school-boys would have seized with ready appreciation the humour of Lucian's reflection on the biting sarcasm of Aristophanes's wit, and would have recognised in the struggle between the followers of Apollo the Healer and Æsculapius the rivalry of allopathists and hydropathists or homœopaths, such as we have seen in our own days; but the bright touches of Greek life, and even the confessions of a dyspeptic who has left the record of his experiences in the temple of Æsculapius, were almost lost upon the sedate students whose congenial mental food is not to be found in the light life of the Greeks, but in the pages of Josephus's "Wars of the Jews" or Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

Mr. John Stratford Dugdale, Q.C., M.P., Recorder of Birmingham, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, in succession to the late Mr. Venables, Q.C.

The Royal Humane Society has awarded three silver medals in cases of saving life from drowning, which have been brought to its notice. One was voted to Mr. Edward M'Kinstry, of the steam-ship *Ionie*, for rescuing a man who, in a fit of insanity, attempted suicide in Plymouth Sound on Oct. 6. The second has been given to Herbert Chaffell, seventeen, a labourer, who volunteered to go down a well by a rope at Liss, in Hants, on Oct. 15, to succour a man who had been precipitated to the bottom (130 ft.) by the drawing apparatus giving way. The third has been given to Mr. William Heathcote, twenty-one, for saving two young women who had been thrown out of a canoe, on Lake Ontario, on July 21.

MUSIC.

We have already briefly noticed the opening of the twenty-third season of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall. On that occasion, among the novelties and comparative novelties were the following effective songs:—Blumenthal's "Loyal Lovers," Theo. Marzials' "Never Laugh at Love," Molloy's "Fame the Fiddler," Stephen Adams's "St. Anthony," and Hope Temple's "In Sweet September"; sung, respectively, by Madame Sterling, Mrs. Mary Davies, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Maybrick, and Mrs. Bertha Moore. Some good part-singing by Mr. Eaton Faning's well-trained choir, and some charming violin playing by Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), were features in the programme. An afternoon concert of similar attractiveness was announced for Nov. 28.

An effective performance of Dr. J. F. Bridge's cantata "Calirhoë" (conducted by himself) was given by the Finsbury Choral Association on Nov. 22, for the first time in London since its successful production at the Birmingham Festival in August last. On the recent occasion now referred to the solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Belle Cole, and Mr. Banks; all of whom, it need scarcely be said, were thoroughly efficient. The chorus-singing was exceptionally good. Mr. C. G. Dale, conductor of the society, may be congratulated on its successful progress.

The first half of the thirty-third series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace is drawing towards a close, seven of the ten performances having taken place. On the latest occasion Herr Franz Ondricek gave a brilliant performance of Paganini's First Violin Concerto and a fantasia of the player's own composition. More or less familiar orchestral pieces were performed, and vocal solos were effectively rendered by Herr Max Heinrich.

Herr Waldemar Meyer's orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 22 (already briefly referred to), included his performance of concertos by Brahms and Mendelssohn, and a "Suite" by Ries, in each of which the player manifested a full tone and much executive skill.

The Royal Society of Musicians was to celebrate its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary by a festival performance of "The Messiah" in Westminster Abbey on the evening of Nov. 29—in lieu of the annual dinner which has been the usual custom. A performance similar to that now referred to was given, of the same oratorio, also in Westminster Abbey, in 1834 (by command of King William IV.), and likewise for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, of which excellent institution Handel was a member and benefactor. The occasion now alluded to occurred too late for more than the present notice. The solo singers announced were: Mesdames Albani and Patey, Mr. H. Kearton, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Brereton.

The first Heckmann quartet concert, at Prince's Hall, and Madame Essipoff's first pianoforte recital, at Steinway Hall—both on Nov. 29—occurred too late for present notice.

For St. Andrew's Day appropriate musical celebrations were prepared at the evening promenade concert at the Crystal Palace on Nov. 29, and at St. James's Hall and the Royal Albert Hall on the following evening. Music of a national character entered largely into each programme.

MARRIAGES.

Captain the Hon. Edward B. Stopford (Royal Irish Fusiliers), second son of the Earl of Courtown, was married to Isabel, daughter of the late Captain Barrington Dashwood, in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Nov. 21. The Hon. George Stopford, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man; and the six bridesmaids were the Hon. Ethel Manners, Miss Adye, Miss Horatia Stopford, Miss De Courcy Buller, and Miss Dorothy Birch, cousins of the bride, and Miss Nora Shelley, niece of the bridegroom. The bride was conducted to the chancel by Lord Manners, her cousin.

The marriage of the Hon. Walter G. H. Scott, Master of Polwarth, eldest son of Lord and Lady Polwarth, with Edith Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Fowell and Lady Victoria Buxton, took place on Nov. 23, in Waltham Abbey, Essex. The ten bridesmaids were Misses Mary, Constance, Victoria, and Mabel Buxton, sisters of the bride; the Hon. Georgina, Lillias, Mary, and Grisell Scott, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Frances Noel and Miss Winifred Buxton, cousins of the bride. Master Leland Buxton, youngest brother of the bride, acted as page. Sir T. F. Buxton gave his daughter away.

The marriage of Mr. Hugh Graham, second son of Lady Hermione Graham and the late Sir Frederick Graham, Bart., of Netherby, and grandson of Sir James Graham, the eminent statesman, with Miss Jessie Low, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Low, of Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A., took place in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Nov. 24. There was a numerous gathering of relatives and friends present. Mr. James Graham, brother of the bridegroom, was the best man; and in attendance on the bride were three pages—Lord Malise Graham, Lord Guernsey, and Master Francis FitzGibbon, and four bridesmaids, all children—namely, Ladies Violet and Muriel Finch, and the Hon. Hermione and Hon. Aline Grimston. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. William Low, who gave her away.

Mr. James Mackonochie has been appointed Judge of the County Courts Circuit No. 55, in Dorsetshire, upon the resignation of Serjeant Tindal Atkinson.

At the triennial festival of the governors and friends of Charing-cross Hospital, recently held, the contributions, including a donation of £1000 from Miss Matilda Levi, in memory of her father, amounted to £3250.

The Bishop of Norwich has reopened the fine (fourteenth century) parish church of St. Margaret, Upton, which has been restored at a cost of over £2000. The Rev. Percival Hill is the incumbent.

Dr. Richard Quain has been again appointed for a term of five years a member of the General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom.—Sir William Jenner has resigned the membership of the British Medical Association.

It has been decided at the War Office that during the next financial year no increase in the establishment of Volunteer corps shall be sanctioned, except in districts where the number of men locally required under the Home Defence Mobilisation Scheme has not reached the full quota. Any spare funds that may be available from the Volunteer votes in the Army estimates are to be devoted to improvement in the training and equipment of the force.

Mr. Martin R. Smith, presiding over the quarterly court of governors of the Victoria Hospital for Children, announced the fact that the silver fête, held in July at the Danish Exhibition, had benefited the charity to the extent of £4088. With this large sum they had been enabled to get their new building, to replace the endowment fund, and to complete various structural alterations and improvements. They had also £1000 left to invest. A special vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who were instrumental in so successfully promoting the fête was moved by the chairman, and carried by acclamation.



HEREDITARY SPORTSMEN: THREE GENERATIONS.

DRAWN BY H. CATON WOODVILLE.

IN PRAISE OF MONEY.

There are sentimental people who affect to disregard money; but they are invariably people who have never known the want of it. It is easy to despise such dross when it is always to be had for the asking. Writing cheques is no great toil, and so long as they are honoured a man is at liberty to despise wealth. Yet one may also be at liberty to wonder what kind of man he would be without it. Possibly even his character depends upon his purse. Strip him of his possessions as Job was stripped and where would be his virtue? No doubt, as Pope says, worth makes the man; but are there not cases in which gold makes the worth? To be poor and at the same time to be good implies a noble nature; to be utterly destitute and to retain one's tranquillity is the gift only of philosophers and of saints. It seems a pity that men were not born with pockets, since they are as necessary as the air we breathe. An infant's earliest desire is to acquire something, and he grasps at the moon; but the infant, if its mother will pardon me for saying so, is a fool; and the boy's first wish is for trousers, in order that he may have a home for his small possessions. The wealthy owner of sixpence, he needs a pocket to secure it, and if it does not stay in it long, its hasty disappearance is by no means indicative of contempt. In the annals of history there is no well-authenticated case of a schoolboy refusing a "tip;" but without a sound pocket he would find, like De Foë's Colonel Jack, that money, when a fellow has no place to put it in, is a great care. And, no doubt, millionaires have sometimes as much trouble in finding a safe place for their money as the Colonel had when he put his into a hollow tree. All great possessions bring care, but the owner of them snatches "a fearful joy," and we never hear him say that his back is not strong enough for the burden. The praise of money, however, does not necessarily include the praise of enormous wealth, which too often stifles character and exhausts life. Moreover, the millionaire does not know, as the comparatively poor man knows, the delight of acquisition; and we never prize money so heartily as when we have earned it by hard and persistent toil.

If any man of good means doubts whether gold is a theme for praise let him consider what it has done and is doing for himself. Money brings with it education, culture, the society of intelligent men and women, and of good books; the enjoyment of travel, of music, of art, a wide range of interests, and the power of benefiting one's poorer neighbours. Money, indeed, cannot protect us from the deeper sorrows of life, but it does save us from its fretful anxieties. Crabbe says that the most awful curse of Misery's children is an empty purse; and he is not far wrong. Poverty has its blessings, and the poor man, in adding them up, will find that he has some advantages over his wealthier brethren; but then there is scarcely a condition in life wholly without its compensations, and the beggar-boy, according to the poets, is oftener happier than the king. It is a careless happiness, and one that depends upon a good digestion and a sufficiency of bread and cheese. The man with a sound and sufficient income has a better foundation for his cheerfulness.

I often wish that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,

was the desire of Swift at a time when money went much further than it does now. The amount of income does not greatly signify if one is able to meet the demands upon it, and it is a commonplace to say that it is possible to be rich with six hundred a year and poor with six thousand. No man, says Jeremy Taylor, is poor who does not think himself so; but if his income be small the thought is thrust upon him in spite of his content. Love in a hut may satisfy the imagination of a youthful lover, but he will soon find out the truth of the nursery rhyme that the little god of love will neither make a fire in the kitchen nor turn the spit. A poet, with children clinging to his skirts and a wife ailing for lack of delicacies, may write against money in verse, but will assuredly praise it in prose. It means milk for the little ones, nourishing food and generous wine, good medical advice, a bright fire, an amusing book, a weekly copy, perchance, of the *Illustrated London News*, and a score of things besides. Poverty, says an old writer, is the way to heaven and the mother of religion—a bold statement truly, for it does not take into account the measure of the poverty. The man who is out at elbows, and in debt to his butcher, is so confronted with the cares of this world that the difficulty of looking onwards and upwards is increased tenfold. Poverty is a theme upon which philosophers and divines love to dilate. They tell us that herbs and bread and pure water with content in a cottage are better than purple, fine linen, and discontent in a palace. Who doubts it? but content is not incompatible with a well-cooked dinner and a glass of claret. Then they insist that money will not purchase love or health, or the qualities that ennoble human nature. Who doubts that either? Money is limited in its power: it is not like Mr. Whiteley, a universal provider; but it does oil the wheels of life, and it does make life more beautiful and more varied. Nor is this all, for the freedom it gives puts a man in the position of winning the highest goal to which he can aspire. He has leisure for thought, leisure for knowing himself, leisure for developing his faculties, and these are advantages denied to poverty. The man who sweeps the streets for a living, or the woman who stands for ten or twelve hours daily behind a counter has so hard a struggle to live that to do more would seem to be wellnigh impossible. Poverty, says the proverb, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, so that it is not only in the daytime that the want of money is felt. Indeed, it is the one want of which every rational person is conscious, and to this desire we owe much of the progress of the world, and most of its inventions.

One cannot easily escape from platitudes in praising money, which may be truly called the parent of marriage, the source of energy, the strength of mature manhood, the solace of old age. To it the individual and the State are alike indebted; and if our national wealth is sometimes a source of danger, it is at all times a means of defence. When the honour of the country is at stake Englishmen even feel a respect for the tax-gatherer.

"Put money in thy purse," was the sage advice of Iago; no very respectable adviser I must admit, but not on that account need we neglect his counsel. Since the world began Adam and Eve are the only decent people who could afford to disregard it. Abraham's grief for the loss of Sarah would have been greatly increased, I think, if he had not had sufficient money in his pocket to buy a family grave; and, in our day, the most afflicted widow has been known to "weep in comfort in her graceful weeds" on learning that her husband has left a goodly fortune behind him.

The art of money-making has been lost in my family for generations, and I can therefore write of it with entire impartiality; but though my worthy ancestors might have done better for themselves and for me, the want of money does not lessen the respect for it, and the receipt of sovereigns stamped with her Majesty's head invariably gives a stimulus to my loyalty. If they did but come to me in sufficient numbers, I might in time be led to believe in the divine right of kings. Have I said enough in praise of what Pope aptly calls

"commodious gold," or can enough be said? Why, what would the thousands of business men do who daily throng the streets of London if they did not make money? Is it not food and drink to them? Is it not the best of tonics; the most soothing of sedatives? What toil is too severe to achieve an end like this? What sacrifice too great?

Get money, still get money, boy;
No matter by what means,

exclaims one of Ben Jonson's characters, and the fine morality of the sentiment is not extinct in our days. Gold may be "filthy lucre," but to gain it there are, I understand, men of good repute in the city who do not mind soiling their hands. And this reminds me that there is something to be said in dispraise of money, but I shall not moralise to-day. Gold may be "saint-seducing," and refined young English women (Heaven help them!) have been known to marry old men for the sake of it; but what blessing may not be abused? In general, a full purse is, I think, more conducive to virtue than an empty one.

J. D.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"In Spring Time," by A. Goring Thomas, is a song of specially graceful character, the flowing vocal melody being supported by an accompaniment that, without being elaborate, is distinctive in its harmonic treatment. "Mona" (the words by F. E. Weatherly, the music by Stephen Adams), is a song in which there is good scope for vocal declamation, the melody being of a robust character without undue exaggeration. It has been sung with special effect by Mr. E. Lloyd. In "Fame the Fiddler" the words are from the same practised and skilful hand as those of the last mentioned song, the music in the instance now referred to being by Mr. J. L. Molloy. Both the words and the music have a genuine rustic tone, while yet being free from any touch of the commonplace. The vocal melody has a marked rhythmical character. Another song by a well-known and popular composer, is Mr. Jacques Blumenthal's "Loyal Lovers." The melody is unpretending, and graceful in its calm expressiveness, a well-written accompaniment enhancing the general effect. Mr. Theo. Marzials is another of the popular song-composers of the day. His song, "By the Shining River," is tuneful, and bright in character. In "After all these Years" some tenderly-expressive lines by Mr. E. Oxenford have been allied to a smooth melody, of especially vocal character, by Lady Macdonald. All the songs above mentioned are published by Messrs. Boosey and Co.

"Eight German Songs," composed by Liza Lehmann, are in a style far superior to the average vocal pieces of the day. There is a vein of romanticism in each that rises above all approach to the commonplace, without being strained or exaggerated. The harmonic treatment, too, in the accompaniment denotes sound training in musical art, and gives an enhanced interest to the general effect. They are, indeed, highly interesting pieces by a lady whom they prove to be as accomplished in musical composition as she is in vocal performance. Messrs. Chappell and Co. are the publishers.

Metzler and Co.'s "Christmas Album of Dance Music" is among the early contributions to the festive requirements of the approaching season. This shilling publication contains pieces in various dance styles, by several well-known composers of that class of music; and the contents offer a collection of bright and spirited movements, well suited for their purpose. "Please Sing Me a Song" is the title of an album of songs for children, published by Messrs. Metzler and Co. The words are by Mary Chater and Ellis Walton, the music by R. B. Addison. In both respects the publication is calculated to interest juvenile people; the text being in an appropriately simple style, and the music tuneful and pleasing.

"Album for the Young" is the title of forty short pieces for the pianoforte by Ernst Pauer, who has here provided a most acceptable supply for juvenile pianists. The two books of which they consist offer examples of almost every form of movement, from the serious style of prayer and hymn, to the light strains of the modern waltz, polka, and other popular dances. While steering clear of executive difficulties which might deter youthful players, Professor Pauer has succeeded in investing his collection with a variety and interest which cannot fail to render them highly attractive. Messrs. Forsyth Brothers, of London and Manchester, are the publishers.

"Maritana" is the title of a brilliant fantasia for the pianoforte, by A. De Lorme, who has taken prominent subjects from Vincent Wallace's popular opera, and treated them with elaborate amplifications and florid ornamentation that give abundant scope for the display of the pianist's executive skill with highly effective results. Some indications of the proper fingering of many of the passages will facilitate their rendering, the practice of which will be of advantage to the student. The piece is published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart, who also issue a brilliant pianoforte duet, by E. L. Hime, entitled "Phospho," a vigorous and spirited piece, adapted from the original full score. Another effective duet, from the same publishers, is Kowalski's characteristic "Marche Hongroise," adapted for four hands by A. De Lorme. Messrs. Duff and Stewart likewise issue twelve duets for violin and piano by Charles Le Thiere. Each piece has a distinctive title appropriate to its character, including dance forms in the old and modern fashions and movements in other styles. They are well written for the instruments employed, each of which has a fair share of prominence; and, being comparatively easy of execution, they should find favour with many amateurs.

An "Arabian Serenade" is a very characteristic song, both the words and music of which are by Michael Watson, who has impressed a distinctive tone on the vocal melody and the pianoforte accompaniment associated therewith. Mr. E. Ashdown, of Hanover-square, is the publisher, as also of "Waiting for Thee" and "Little Lady Bountiful," the music of both of which is by the composer of the piece previously named.

"Minuetto in D major," by Theresa Beney (Weekes and Co.), is a very graceful and characteristic pianoforte piece, in which an antiquated dance form is excellently maintained while preserving a graceful flow of melody that removes all impression of stereotyped formalism. The minuet itself is well contrasted by an alternative (or trio) in the subdominant key.

Mr. Worsfold Mowll, solicitor, has been appointed official receiver of the East Kent Bankruptcy Court, in succession to Mr. Leslie Creery, who has resigned on account of ill-health.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

DECEMBER 1, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

I observe that our old friend the sea-serpent recently made his appearance on the American coast. From an account of his latest proceedings, I learn that Captain Hubbard, of the steamer Planter, plying between Charleston and Georgetown, reported that the sea-serpent was seen in Georgetown Harbour, half-way between the port and bar. The tug Henry Buck passed within 200 yards of the monster, and the captain examined it carefully with his glass. He says he made out nearly its entire shape. It seemed to be resting or sleeping, the head and body being more or less exposed to view as the waves rose and fell about it. The mouth appeared to be beak-shaped, the head oval and quite large. The body appeared to be as thick as a flour barrel, and lay upon and in the water in the curves common to snakes while swimming. The tail was not at first entirely visible. While looking intently at the monster, something (possibly the noise of the tug) seemed to arouse it, and in an instant it threw its tail into the air, exposing fully fifteen feet of its length, and lashed the water into foam. It swam off in the direction of what is known as Muddy Bay and the mud flats, where it was impossible for the tug to follow. The colour of the monster was very dark. The length is stated to be about fifty feet. That portion of the tail lifted above the water was between eight and ten inches in diameter. At the point where it was seen the water is fresh for several miles below, and Captain Springs thought the animal was made sick by it.

Now, I think I can make more than a fair guess regarding the nature of the "sea serpent" which disturbed the equanimity of Captain Hubbard and his neighbours. Except for the statement that "the body lay upon and in the water" in the curves common to snakes while swimming, there is not a jot or tittle of evidence to show that what these mariners saw was a snake at all. Contrariwise, there is a very strong probability that what they did see was a giant cuttlefish or squid, common enough on the North American coasts from the far north to the sunny south. These creatures are known to attain a length of many feet as to their body alone, and when we add in the length of the arms, which, as in the familiar octopus, surround and crown the head, we get dimensions which are literally of huge proportions. The "beak-shaped" mouth was the creature's head—could Captain Hubbard have actually seen the parrot-like jaws with which these cuttle-fishes are provided?—while the body of a big squid would certainly correspond to the description, "as thick as a flour barrel." Then, as to the throwing of the tail in the air (another frequent item in sea-serpent stories), that particular act of the "great unknown" is readily explained by my cuttlefish theory on the ground that the animal lifted or erected one of its long tentacles or arms, which was mistaken for a tail. Sailors are not, as a rule, familiar with cuttlefishes; and as these animals swim tail foremost, by the action of jets of water ejected from their "funnels," the rush of the body and the long tentacles through the sea must give to a spectator the idea of a huge serpentine animal, whose apparent length of body is largely made up of the arms and the wash of its swift career. On the whole, then, I fancy the animal which gave rise to Captain Hubbard's narrative was nothing more nor less than a big squid, such as the Newfoundland cod-fishers know very well.

The artificial culture of young fishes, of lobsters, and of oysters forms a topic which, of course, possesses a strong economic interest. The salmon-fry, in particular, require great care in order that they may be duly nurtured through the stages of their infant life. Like the human baby itself, the young salmon has to be tended with scrupulous care, if it is to attain to the days of its youth, and to a healthy and satisfactory adult condition. The fry have been fed upon a variety of foods, the mere mention of which is apt to excite our wonder and admiration at the diverse tastes of the infantile fish-gourmets. Curdled milk, coagulated blood, macerated sheep's brains, hashed meat and liver, and grated yolk of egg, have one and all been offered to the young fishes as suitable and appetising dietary. But the feeding-processes have not been attended with success after all, probably because artificial foods do not adequately represent or replace the natural pabulum of the fry. At Gremaz, in Eastern France, is practised the Lugin method of feeding the young fishes—a plan which appears to be attended with complete success. The Gremaz tanks, which are 150 ft. long, 12 ft. wide, and 5 ft. deep, are lined with cement, and are separated by fine gauze which allows the water to pass through, but prevents the escape of the fishes. M. Lugin on the bottom of the tanks spreads materials which are calculated to attract the water-fleas and fly-larvæ on which the young fry feed. Among these materials are the prolific water-fleas breed and multiply during a period of a few weeks' duration when the water is left undisturbed. Myriads of the fleas and other minute fresh-water organisms are thus produced, and then—enter the fry! A natural repast is provided for them, and when we learn that 20,000 young fry and 3000 fishes a year old will consume in a month from 600 to 800 lb. of food we may find reason to admire M. Lugin's ingenious method of making Nature their real nurse. Each of the Gremaz tanks besides produces from 650 to 900 lb. of *crevettes*, or fresh-water shrimps, so that the industry is a highly profitable one; and the flesh of the trout fed therein on their natural food is certified to be of high flavour and firmness. In fishes, as in humanity, a natural mode of life conquers and surpasses all artificial ways of living.

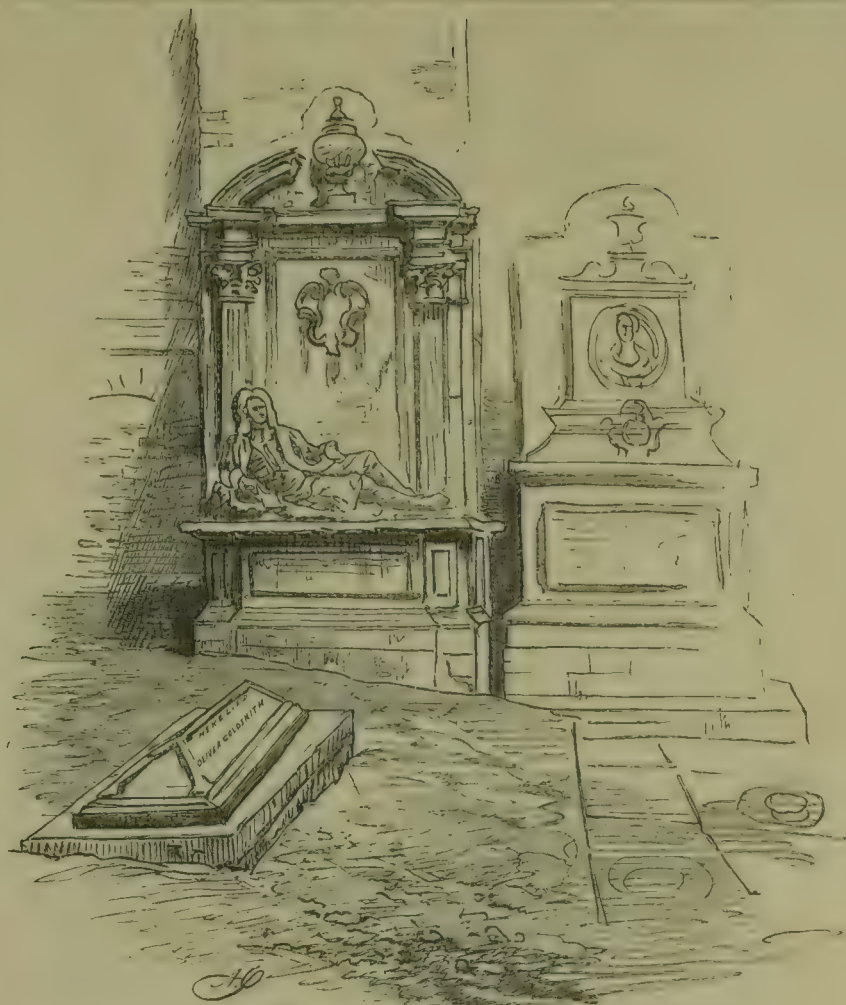
Within the body of a haddock, some seventeen inches long, I note that fourteen young whiting, and a small crab were found. The total weight of the food was six and a half ounces. Happy the fishes which know not the pangs and pains of dyspeptic troubles which annoy and perplex higher life!

We are justly proud of the spread of education amongst ourselves, but our self-adulation may receive a shock after a perusal of a foreign estimate of the proportion of illiterate persons in various European countries. In Russia, Roumania, and Servia I observe the statistics give 80 per cent of the population as unable to read or write. Spain shows 63 per cent, and Italy 48 per cent of illiterates; France has about 15 per cent, and Belgium also about 15 per cent of such persons. Hungary is declared to have 43 per cent, Austria, 39; Holland, 10, and the whites of the United States 8 per cent. As regards England, 13 per cent is given as the proportion of our illiterates, while Scotland has 7 per cent, and Ireland 21. But the Swiss overtop us in this matter of education, inasmuch as they show 2·5 per cent as their highest illiterate proportion. Throughout Germany the rate is only 1 per cent; while in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg, says the account from which I quote, "there is practically no one who cannot read and write." Evidently the schoolmaster is "not at home," with a vengeance, not only among ourselves, but still more so among the Slav and Latin races.

ANDREW WILSON.

SKETCHES IN THE TEMPLE.

Will not the time soon arrive for the Council of Legal Education, or some newly constituted authority, to assume the title, dignity, and powers of an English University of Law, in which the Honourable Societies of the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple, of Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, shall be Colleges, possessing as they do large endowments, Governing Benchers, ample means of professional teaching, valuable scholarships in trust, noble precincts and buildings, with claims of historical antiquity and of past service equal to those of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge? In effect, but not in title and dignity, this University may be considered to exist and to exercise some of its functions, though the organisation of its teaching department is actually less complete than it was



GOLDSMITH'S TOMB, TEMPLE CHURCHYARD.

interesting literary and personal associations, connected with the lives and the works of many illustrious Englishmen who dwelt in their chambers, and paced their quiet courts and pleasant gardens, or sallied forth into Fleet-street or the Strand, on their way to Court or to City, amidst the bustle of former generations.

It was in the reign of King Edward II., the religious Order of Knights Templars having been abolished by the Pope, that their former abode was leased to the students and professors of the common law, who then removed from several of the "hospitia curia," or hostels, previously occupied by them in Holborn. The Temple precinct, extending from Fleet-street to the Thames, and from Whitefriars to Essex House in the Strand, had been bestowed on the Templars by Henry II., having been part of the grounds of the ancient Royal Palace of Bridewell. The monastery of the Knights Templars, renowned for their valour in the Crusades, the heroes of Jaffa and Jerusalem, of Gaza and Ascalon, of Tiberias, of Acre and Mount Carmel, of Syria and Egypt, and the Lords of Cyprus, was a splendid residence, for the Order was immensely rich. They built the Temple Church in 1185, that is to say, the existing Round Church, through which the quadrangular Gothic edifice, built in 1210, is now entered. It is one of four Round Churches in England, the others being

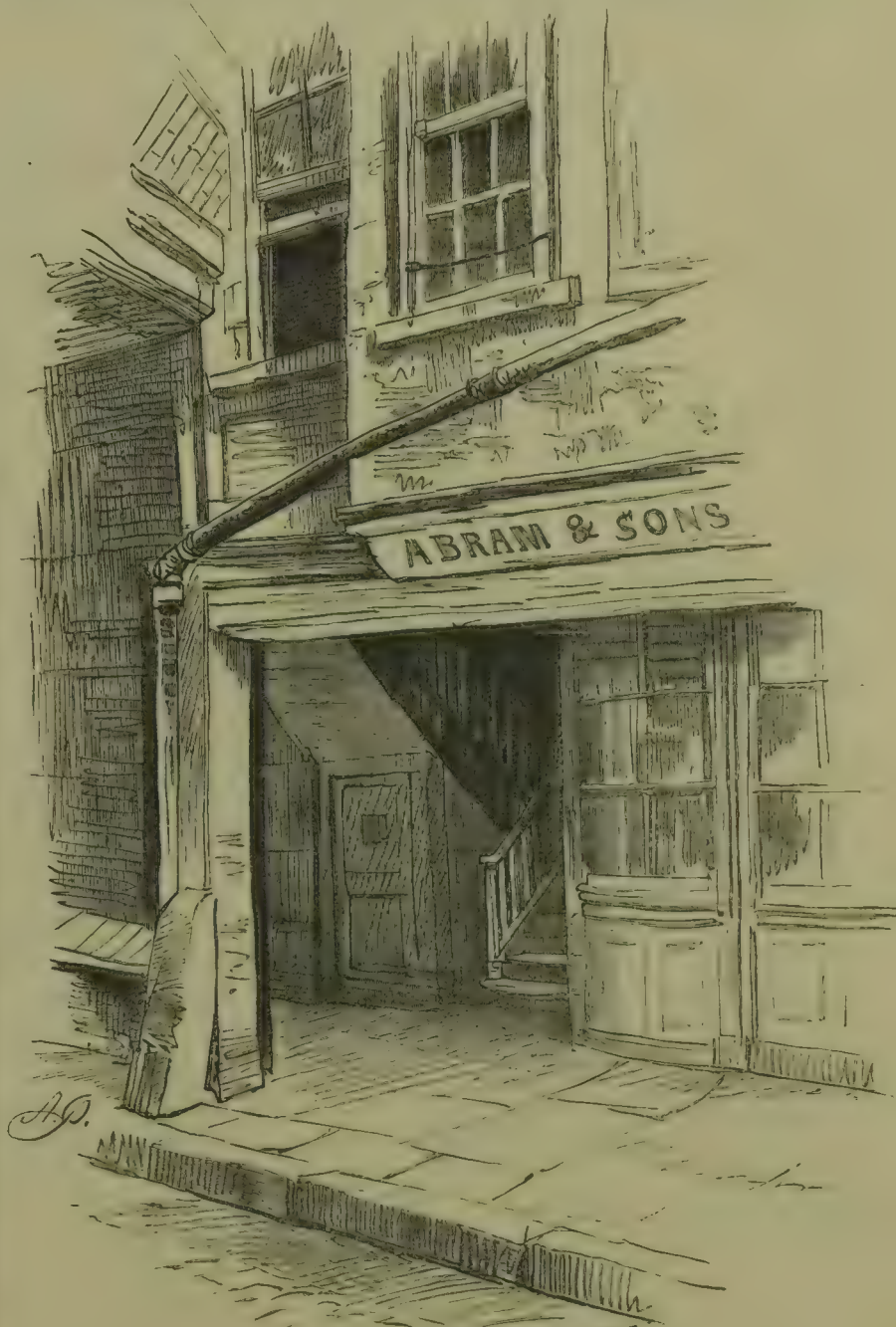


MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE.

three or four centuries ago, when the students residing in the Inns received systematic instruction, and were exercised in "moots," or debates of nice legal problems, while they could obtain authorised tutors, instead of becoming, as now, the private pupils of counsel in chamber practice. We do not know but that it may hereafter seem good to revive part of the ancient methods, and to entrust the "Inns of Court" with more direct superintendence of the studies, in addition to their faculty of admitting members at the customary "calls to the Bar." Leaving the propriety and expediency of such measures to the wisest heads of that useful profession, and to the Legislature which will at any time be inclined to give effect to their recommendations, we present a few Sketches of "the Temple," or rather the two Temples, as we have done with Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, looking at them only from a lay visitor's point of view, as picturesque features of London scenery, and as places full of



THE CLOISTERS, INNER TEMPLE.



NO. 1, MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE.

at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex, imitating the form of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The interior is surrounded by an arcade of Early English arches, with a series of heads, which have been restored. On the paved floor are the mail-clad effigies, not of Knights Templars, but of "Associates" of the Order, who were buried underneath these tombs; one is Geoffrey De Magnaville, Earl of Essex, who died in 1144, and who took an active part in the

done as readily as you now take a cab in the street. Brick Court is passed to the right, and some quaint old houses to the left, with the entrance to the courts of the Inner Temple. The Hall of the Middle Temple, built in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, from 1562 to 1574, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Plowden, the Treasurer, is one of the finest edifices of its kind. The interior, nobly proportioned, 100 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, and 47 ft. high, has a roof of dark oak, richly carved, and windows emblazoned with the arms of distinguished members of this Society; it is adorned with a beautiful screen of carved oak, erected in 1575, at the lower end, and with Vandyke's fine portrait of Charles I. on horseback, with other portraits of seventeenth-century Kings and Queens, and with a collection of armour. It is interesting to remember that Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" was acted in

until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished." So we have a charming idyll even among "the smoky shrubs," as Dickens calls them, "the slow vegetation of Fountain Court," the chirping sparrows bred in Temple chinks and crannies, the grimy old houses and the worn flagstones, the dry and dusty channels of the law. "Old love-letters," he says, "shut up in iron boxes, among heaps of family papers, in the neighbouring offices, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness," as Ruth met her lover there. Chaucer was a student of the Temple; Cowper, Charles Lamb, Thackeray, Tennyson dwelt in its chambers; but here is a fairer presence. Will the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple allow the readers of Dickens to set a white marble statue of sweet Ruth Pinch at the brink of the fountain? We do not think they will.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

civil war against King Stephen; another is supposed to be William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, Protector of the Kingdom in the minority of Henry III., with two of his sons, one of whom defeated the Welsh Prince Llewellyn, and married the King's sister; there is also the monument of Gilbert, Lord De Ros, who died in 1245. Many of the monuments of eminent lawyers have been removed from the lower part of the church to the triforium; and there are some outside the church, among which is that of Oliver Goldsmith, who died April 9, 1774, at No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, where he lived in

this hall before Queen Elizabeth on Feb. 2, 1601, when Shakspeare was, no doubt, present, if he was not one of the performers.

Beyond the Hall, to the west, are Fountain Court and Garden Court, and the Middle Temple Library, opened in 1861 by the Prince of Wales. The fountain has of late been somewhat altered, but has existed nearly two hundred years, and is a favourite with many persons of literary taste, not only for its pleasantness and gracefulness, but also for the frequent mention of it by esteemed authors. Dickens, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," makes it the place where Tom Pinch was accustomed to meet his sister Ruth, "the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the world," and where that

though Shakspeare has been in their Hall, where the representative of his Viola has spoken the maidenly words:—

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth.

Of the Inner Temple, which is more extensive and which boasts grander new buildings for chambers, with a much larger garden, and a new Hall of good architectural style, much could be said if we had space to print it here. The old Hall, used until the present century, was the Refectory of the Knights Templars' Monastery; King John and King Henry III. had dined in that hall. The cloisters, destroyed by a fire in 1678, were rebuilt from a design by Sir Christopher Wren; upon which occasion, says Roger North, in



NO. 2, BRICK-COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE, WHERE OLIVER GOLDSMITH DIED.



MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

rooms over those of Blackstone, author of the "Commentaries," and was often visited there by Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Middle Temple, to the west of the Inner Temple, is entered, from near Temple Bar, by the Middle Temple-lane, at the bottom of which, formerly, were the Temple Water-stairs, to take a wherry for conveyance on the river, which was then

good fellow John Westlock had the good fortune to find her lingering in a happy hour. "Softly the whispering water broke and fell, and regnishly the dimples twinkled and sparkled on its sunny face, as he stole upon her footsteps. O foolish, panting, timid little heart!—why did she feign to be unconscious of his coming? Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and the smiling dimples expanded more and more,



THE FOUNTAIN, MIDDLE TEMPLE.

his "Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," the students were reproved for neglect of the good old custom of "walking in evenings there, and putting cases." We occasionally see one or two of those young gentlemen passing through the cloisters, but have not overheard them discussing abstract questions of law, as they were expected to do in former times; and the "Moots" are now kept up only at Gray's Inn.



MOUNT STEPHEN, EAST SIDE; ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



THE SELKIRK MOUNTAIN RANGE, NEAR THE GLACIER HOUSE AND THE LOOP, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in choosing subjects for his Sketches of the long railway line from Montreal to Vancouver, nearly three thousand miles, has preferred the wild and romantic highland scenery of British Columbia to the vast plains that extend from Winnipeg to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. One view of Mount Stephen, the highest summit of this range in Canadian latitudes, named from Sir George Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, was presented in our last publication. Another view, from the eastern side, is now put before our readers. The railway station called Stephen is 5290 ft. above the sea-level, and here the waters begin to flow in two opposite directions; the streams running eastward having to join either the Athabasca or the Saskatchewan, and the latter finally to be discharged into Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay; while those of the westward slope meet with the Columbia River, the Fraser River, or the Thompson River, whose issue is in the Pacific Ocean. Mount Stephen rises 8240 ft. above the railway.

Passing from Stephen down the tremendous ravine of the Kicking Horse, with a gradient of 220 ft. to the mile, the Columbia River is reached and crossed, and behind its valley rises another jagged and formidable range, the Selkirks, which are the second of the four mountain ranges that separate the plains from the Pacific Ocean. The ascent of the Selkirks is begun by a gradually-rising line along the sides of the high embankments which inclose the beautiful valley of the Beaver River. The engineering to bring the line from the vale to the heights is admirable. A bridge 1200 ft. in length is crossed in one place; in another, a trestle 295 ft. above a mighty torrent sweeps for 750 ft. in a graceful curve; at every minute the train passes over some splendid structure which resists or overleaps the force of mountain floods and avalanches. For miles one sees new bridges, and, in the gulch far below them the wrecks of splintered wood and twisted iron which show where slides of rock and ice destroyed the line in the winter before the points of danger had been learned. Now, huge bulwarks of rock and timber, sheds and tunnels insure the prevention of another such mischief. The summit reached, we see prodigious mountains rising a mile in sheer ascent beside the track, and at Rogers we pass two lines of snow-clad peaks, of which that on the right incloses a vast amphitheatre whose walls rise 9000 feet above the valley, and inclose a glacier of shining green, blue, and white, with which none in Switzerland is to be compared in size and beauty. Down the western slope the train runs by an imposing system of loops, which, coiling the track about as if it were a pile of rope, stretches nearly seven miles to gain two miles in distance and a few hundred feet in elevation. "The scenery now," says a writer, "is grand beyond the power of language to paint. One glacier forms upon another. To our right we pass the summit, and two miles on reach Glacier House, a beautiful Swiss chalet, in front of which are beautiful fountains throwing icy streams. Here, apparently a few hundred yards away to our left, is a monster glacier with its foot not far above the level of the road. With a glass, we see mighty fissures cracking its surface. It bends over the mountain like a falling curtain. We are told it is a mile and a half wide, nine miles long, and 500 feet deep. Mount Sir Donald is watching its slow descent. Far above the snow, his peak, shaped like a diamond drill, pierces the blue sky over 6000 feet above us. We have to bend our heads back to look upon his pinnacle. They give us a half-hour to look, and eat a first-rate lunch."

The Duchess of Albany has become patroness of the Sanitary Institute.

The sale by auction of the steamer Great Eastern was concluded at New Ferry, Liverpool, on Nov. 24. The auction occupied five days, and, generally speaking, fair prices were obtained, the total receipts being £58,000. The vessel was purchased by the venders for £16,000.

The north transept of Salisbury Cathedral has received the addition to its stained glass of a window from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of Mrs. Middleton, in memory of her husband.—A stained window of five lights, surmounted by a rose, has been recently placed in the parish church of Long Crendon, Bucks. The window is the gift of Mr. Herbert Dodwell, and has been erected in memory of his mother, at a cost of £350.

A statue of the Queen-Emress in marble, intended to be placed in Government House, Singapore, has just been completed by Edward Gefowski, the well-known Polish sculptor. The figure is above lifesize, and is the result of a commission trusted to him by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The money was subscribed by the Chinese residents in Singapore, to commemorate the Jubilee of her Majesty. The statue has attracted many admiring visitors to the Colonial Office, where it is now being exhibited. The Queen wears her State robes, with the usual insignia of Royalty; and the likeness is at once pleasing and dignified. As she stands with the orb in one hand and the sceptre in the other, she conveys fully to the spectator the idea of the Queen-Emress. Medallion portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales occupy the sides of the pedestal.

The trustees of the People's Palace, with the view of spreading an interest in the question of technical education, organised two conversaciones, the first of which was held on Nov. 24. The programme included, besides gymnastic displays in the gymnasium and a concert in the Queen's Hall, an exhibition in the new technical schools, which were recently built by the Drapers' Company. All the different departments of the schools were open for inspection, and the boys of the technical day school were to be seen by visitors at work at the bench, vice, lathe, &c. Experiments were also performed by the boys in the chemical and electrical laboratories, and boys were to be seen at work on various kinds of drawing, wood-carving, and modelling. Many hundreds visited the Palace on Saturday evening, and great interest was displayed in the various departments.

General Franklin and Mr. Somerville P. Tuck, the American Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1889, have issued a special circular to American artists at home and abroad. Applicants for space are desired to fill out the blanks accompanying the circulars, and to return them at once to the Commission at 1, Broadway, New York city. Only works of art executed since 1878 can be admitted; and copies, even in a different medium, will not be received. Artists residing in the United States must have their exhibits in New York by Feb. 15, 1889. Exhibitors residing in Europe must have their exhibits at Paris by March 20, 1889. A jury of artists will be chosen to examine and pass upon the works submitted. This jury will include, so far as possible, representatives of the four classes of exhibitors, painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers. One section of this jury will sit in New York, and the other in Paris; their decisions will be subject to revision by the Commission. The names and addresses of the agents appointed to receive exhibits in New York and Paris will be made known hereafter.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R D P (St. Andrews).—Your question shall be answered next week. We have not had time for necessary reference.

COLEMBUS.—We intended to point out that the double mate in main play was a fatal flaw. It is never knowingly admitted into any problem meant for publication.

DELTA.—There seems some error in your game with "Indian Amateur" (Muzio Gambit). As sent, after Black's seventh move, White can continue—s. Q takes K B P (ch), K moves; 2. Q takes B, mate. Have you not omitted something?

A NEWMAN.—No. 1 can be solved in two moves by 1. Q to R 5th (ch). No. 2 is much too simple.

CHESS EDITOR, "EVENING NEWS" (Manchester).—Thanks for the regularity with which your interesting column is forwarded.

J DIXON.—(1) The sacrifice is unsound, and is never attempted except against young players. (2) Consult some treatise on the game, which will explain the points you ask about.

W GLEAVE.—Very neat, but rather too easy. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

SIGNOR ASPA.—Next week.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J Pierce, J Amygdalis, and W Parsons.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2326 received from H S B (Bushey), John S Moorat (Boulogne), J Bryden (Wimbledon), H S B (Shooter's-hill), P G (The Hague), R H Brooks, Charles Etherington, and G E P; of No. 2327, from E J Winter Wood, W J Cross, A A Harris (Chawick), Quindane (Bushey), A S (The Hague), Herbert Taylor, Dr F St, W F Payne, Mark Taylor (Gravesend), W P Welch, W H Hayton, Congress Chess Club, J Bryden, H E Maxted (Hoo Minster), J Osmond, A H Mole, W H D (Woburn), W R, F C, A N Tongue (Finchley), and James Marquis.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2328 received from R Worters (Canterbury), E Phillips, W H Reed (Liverpool), W Von Beverhoudt, E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, Howard A, T H Wilson (Grange-over-Sands), Charles Wynnell, P McCoy (Galway), John S Moorat (Boulogne), John Short (Exeter), G J Yeale, W H Raitton, Dr Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), W F Payne, E J Winter Wood, Rev Winfield Cooper, Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine (Newcastle), W H Hayton, Dane John, A Newman, Dawn, J Bryden, J Dixon, Bernard Reynolds, R F N Banks, Maurice R Fitzmaurice, Pakeha, J F Moon, E Loudon, E B Schwann, T G (Ware), Aliquis (Buxton), T Roberts, Dr F St, E Lucas, Shudforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), C E P, James Sage, C S, R H Brooks, W E Cartwright, W Heitzmann, L Desanges, Martin F, J Goad, and Mrs. Kelly.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2326.

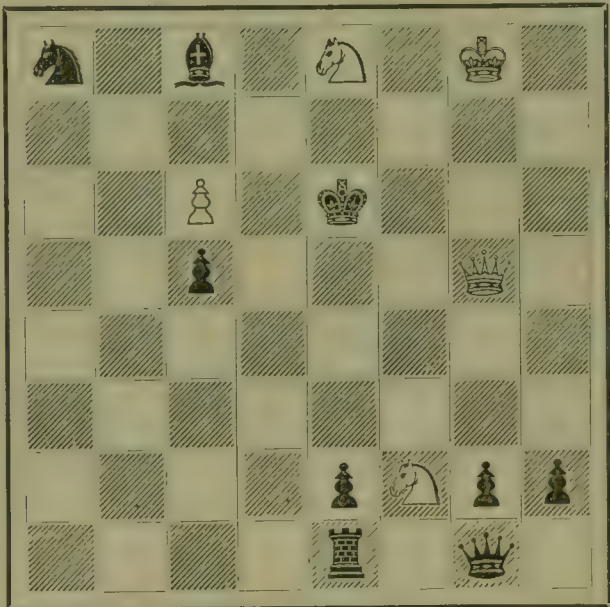
WHITE.
1. Q to B 4th
2. B to Kt 8th
3. Mates.

BLACK.
Any move
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2330.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Offhand skirmish at the Dundee Chess Club between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and JOHN KENNEDY. (Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12.	Q to R 5th (ch)
2. Q to Kt B 3rd	Q to Kt B 3rd	13. K to R 2nd	Castles
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	14. P to Q 4th	Q B takes Kt (ch)
4. Kt to Q 5th		15. P takes Q B	B to Q 3rd
		16. Q takes P	B takes B
		17. Q takes B	Kt to K B 3rd
		18. Q to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
		19. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th
		20. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd
		21. P to Q Kt 4th	
			The winning move.
		21.	Q to Kt 3rd
		22. P takes P	P takes P
		23. K to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd
		24. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
			More chances are afforded by interposing the Rook.
		25. R to R 5th	Q takes P (ch)
		26. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
		27. B takes P	K to Kt 2nd
		28. K R to Q R sq.	and wins.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of eight games played simultaneously at the British Chess Club on Nov. 17. (Centre Gambit)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Michael).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Michael).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Q takes R	B takes Q
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. R takes Q	B takes Kt
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. R to Q 7th	B to Kt 5th
4. Q to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th (ch)	19. R takes P	K to B sq
5. B to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd		We think the Pawn might have been maintained by R to Kt sq.
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. R takes P	R to K sq
7. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	21. R takes R	K takes R
8. B takes B	Q takes B (ch)	22. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	23. R to B 7th	K to Q 2nd
10. P to Q B 3rd	Q to Q 3rd	24. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q sq
		25. R to Kt 7th	K to B sq
		26. R to Kt 5th	K to B 2nd
		27. R to B 5th	P to Kt 3rd
		28. K to B 2nd	P to Q 4th
		29. P to Q R 3rd	P takes P
		30. B takes P	P to Kt 3rd
		31. K to K 3rd	P to R 4th
		32. P to R 4th,	and the game was drawn.

There seems to be nothing better. Q to Kt 3rd or B 3rd would yield no advantage.

"Vademecum der Kombinationen—Praxis." Leipzig, Von Adolf Roegner.—This is a collection of 120 endings from actual play, comprising examples from nearly all the great masters. Most of them are familiar brilliancies, but they are here usefully brought together, and the volume should take a place in every chess library. Some deficiencies, of course, are inevitable; but we think Mr. Mason might have been better represented, and Mr. Pollock's ending against Mr. Lee in Simpson's Handicap ought certainly to have had a place.

A new chess club has been started at Salisbury under the presidency of Dr. Coates, which it is hoped may prove attractive to players in the city and neighbourhood. Though the club is a small one it reckons among its members two ex-Presidents of the Oxford University Chess Club. The secretary is Mr. Woodrow.

Another chess column has commenced in the pages of a new contemporary, called *Information*.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presented the prizes of the West London Rifles at the headquarters at Kensington, on Nov. 24.

Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., Recorder of Bolton, has been elected Treasurer of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, in succession to Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P.

ASPIRATIONS.

In the early years of life the most joyous moments, perhaps, are those spent in day-dreams of the future. A young man is full of hopes stimulating to action. Difficulties only serve to strengthen his resolution. He does not mean to be daunted, scorns the word "impossible," and not even what Beattie calls the "unconquerable bar" of poverty checks his generous enthusiasm. "What man has done man may do" is his motto, and there are even moments when he is not without a secret hope that he may do more. He will build up the fortunes of his family, paint like Turner, write poetry like Tennyson, lead an army to victory with the swift certainty of Marlborough, or move the world by his persuasive oratory. On the drudges who are content to earn their daily bread, to live and love, to die and be forgotten, the ambitious youth looks with something like contempt. He at least is resolved not to form one of the common herd, whose names never appear in print, save in the list of bankrupts or, finally, among the deaths in the *Times*!

Mrs. Browning, in her "Rhapsody of Life's Progress," has powerfully described the youthful enthusiasm which overrides all obstacles, and accounts no action impossible:—

And we run with the stag, and we leap with the horse,
And we swim with the fish through the broad water-course;
And we strike with the falcon and hunt with the hound,
And the joy that is in us flies out with a wound.

Then we act to a purpose—we spring up erect:
We will tame the wild mouths of the wilderness steeds;
We will plough up the seas in the ships double-decked,
We will build the great cities and do the great deeds.

Aspirations such as these are frequently lost when a young man has to face the dull realities of life. What room is left for them when from morning until night he has to toil at a profession, or sit upon a high stool in a city office? By degrees the bright vision fades, he learns how to run in an official rut, and—

Custom lies upon him with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

But there are men—have we not all known them?—whom circumstances cannot conquer; they seem urged onwards by an irresistible force, and such men the world gazes at with wonder, and calls "heroes." It is possible, of course, that this intense vitality, which moves on to its mark with a magnificent disregard of obstructions, may be far from praiseworthy. It may override morality; it may, as in the case of the First Napoleon, prove a frightful and desolating scourge; it may give birth to fatal counsels, as in the case of Strafford and of "poor, grey, old, little Laud." With its direction for good or evil I have nothing to do just now: what I want to point out is, how the aspirations of a man possessed with a great purpose will sweep him along with the strength of a strong current. He cannot linger on his course: he must conquer or die. We see this as strongly in men like Luther and Columbus, like Livingstone and Gordon, as in Julius Caesar or in Oliver Cromwell. To this spirit we owe all our great discoveries. It was this that sent Sir John Franklin to the "White North." It is this which has caused Stanley to disappear—let us hope not for ever!—in the heart of Africa. To aspirations after some far-off good, and the results they may not live to realise, we owe the self-sacrifice of the missionary and of the philanthropist. These men are resolved that something shall be gained from life before life ends—some good deeds done, some fruitful seed sown: and they feel as Hamlet felt when he exclaimed—

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fast in us unused?

There are, it is to be feared, thousands of people who know nothing of that capability; who never exercise that godlike reason. They do the day's work with the regularity of a machine: they eat, they sleep, they marry, they die; and, if thinking is a proof of life, cannot be said to have lived at all. There is no one so greatly to be pitied as the man or woman who is without aspirations. Better to strive and fail—yes! to strive fifty times and to fail as often—than to live without an aim. Then, at least, you are conscious of having done your utmost; and if the victory is denied to you, the wholesome strength that comes from effort will save you from fainting in the field. But if success should come, who, in this overpayment of delight, will grudge the toil that has won it? And defeat itself sometimes means victory. That is what it meant when Sir John Moore died at Corunna; when Nelson died at Trafalgar; when Milton, in blindness and poverty, was left alone with his high imaginings; when Scott, in old age, with the loss of wealth, the death of his wife, and a deadly disease to fight against, showed, as he could never show before, the nobility of his nature; when Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin; when Gordon, to the discredit of his country, died at the post of duty.

There are vocations in life in which success can be secured by sheer plodding, and without the high ambition I have attempted to describe. Fortunes may be won without it, but what man ever prospered in love, in the acquisition of knowledge, in statesmanship, or in literature who was not goaded onwards by his aspirations? It is easy to descant upon the evils of ambition, and to say with Wolsey that "by that sin fell the angels"; easy, too, is it to describe the blessings of content—which are neither few nor small; but ambition may be in the highest degree honourable, and content may, in some cases, indicate stupidity.

Probably no man is daily conscious of the aspirations which, in reality, mould his conduct. He is the creature of habit, and often goes on his way without knowing it. His feet move still towards the goal, though his eye may not see it, and I suppose there are few moments in life more delightful than the moments in which a long-cherished object is realised. It was at Rome, in 1764, that the idea of writing his great work entered the mind of Gibbon. "It was," he writes, "on the day, or, rather, the night of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *beccau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene; the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all Nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotion of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

How natural was Gibbon's joy on this fulfilment of a great aspiration! how natural, too, his sadness on feeling that his vocation was gone, and that life was swiftly going! Alas! our noblest aspirations often fail to satisfy when they are attained, and in the very moment of victory we feel that the best prizes earth has to bestow are not free from vanity and vexation of spirit!

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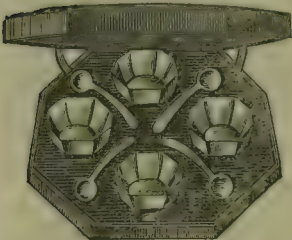
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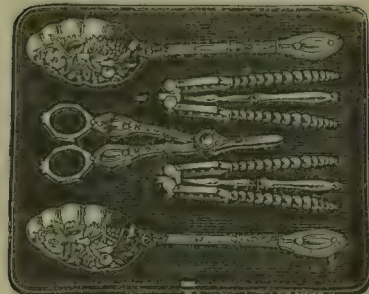
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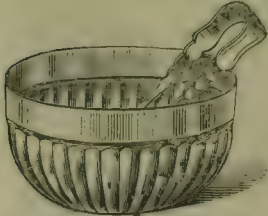
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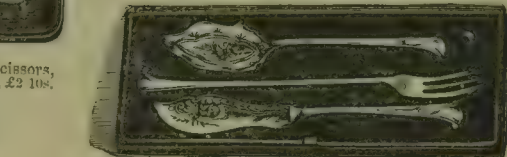
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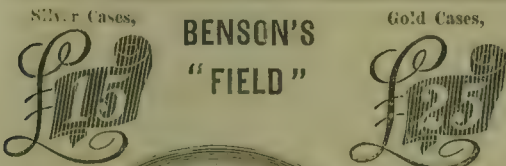
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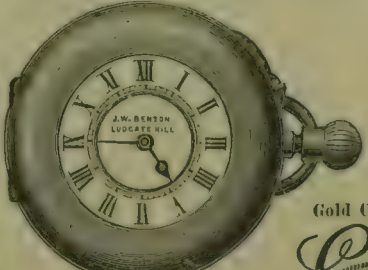
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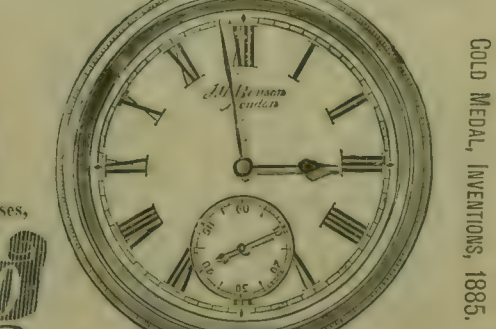
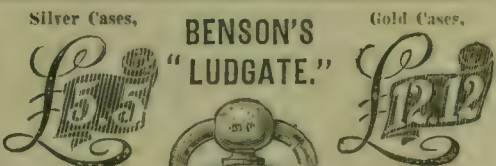
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OBITUARY.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES ELLICE.

General Sir Charles Henry Ellice, G.C.B., late Adjutant-General to the Forces, died suddenly, at Brook House, Bury St. Edmunds, on Nov. 12. He was born in 1823, the second son of General Robert Ellice, and nephew of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, of Invergarry, in the county of Inverness, M.P. for Coventry. He was educated at Sandhurst, and he entered the Army in 1839, became Captain in 1845, Major in 1849, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1851, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1863, Lieutenant-General in 1873, and General in 1877. He was Colonel 1st Battalion Berkshire Regiment, 1874 to 1884; and of the 1st and 2nd Battalions South Wales Borderers, 1884 to 1888. The distinguished General served with the Coldstream Guards in Canada, 1840 to 1842; on the North-West Frontier of India, 1855 to 1856; and in the Indian Mutiny, 1857 to 1858. He commanded the troops at the defeat of the Jhelum mutineers in 1857, when he was dangerously wounded, having had his horse killed under him. For his services he received two medals with clasps, and the decoration of C.B. He was made K.C.B. in 1873, and G.C.B. in 1882. He commanded the South-Eastern District, 1863 to 1868; was Quartermaster-General at head-quarters, 1871 to 1876; and Adjutant-General of the Forces, 1876 to 1882. Sir Charles married, in 1862, Louisa Caroline, elder daughter of Mr. William Henry Lambton, of Biddick-hill, Durham, brother of John George, first Earl of Durham.

SIR RONALD F. THOMSON.

Sir Ronald Ferguson Thomson, G.C.M.G., C.I.E., lately Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia, died at The Hall, Dulwich, on Nov. 15, aged fifty-eight. He entered the Diplomatic service as Attaché at Teheran in 1848; was acting Consul and in charge of mission there in 1859, attended the Persian Ambassador to England in 1860. Appointed Oriental Secretary at Teheran in 1862, and Secretary of Legation in 1863; was in attendance upon the Shah during his Majesty's visit to England in 1873, and was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia and Consul-General at Teheran from 1879 to 1888. He was made a K.C.M.G. in 1884, G.C.M.G. in 1888, and C.I.E. in 1880. Sir Ronald was the only son of the late Mr. David Thomson, of Orkie, Fifeshire.

COLONEL DUNCAN, M.P.

Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., M.P. for Finsbury (Holborn Division), died at his residence, The Common, Woolwich, on Nov. 16. He was born in 1836, the son of the late Mr. John Duncan, was educated at Aberdeen University (M.A. in honours, 1855; Hon. D.C.L., King's College, Canada, 1861; Hon. LL.D., Aberdeen, 1874; Hon. D.C.L., Durham, 1882), entered the Royal Artillery in 1855, became Captain 1864, Major 1874, Lieutenant-Colonel 1881, and Colonel 1885, and was Instructor in the School of Gunnery 1877 to 1882. He served with distinction with the Egyptian Army 1883 to 1885 (third class Osmanieh), and in the Nile Expedition (mentioned in despatches, medal, and bronze star). He represented the Holborn Division in Parliament since 1885 as a Conservative. Colonel Duncan was made a C.B. in 1885.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir David William Barclay, Bart., on Nov. 23, in his 85th year. His memoir will appear in our next issue.

Miss Fanny Macaulay, after a few days' illness, at Brighton, on Nov. 10, aged eighty. She was the only surviving sister of

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, the distinguished statesman, orator, historian, and poet.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Aston, late 10th Bombay Native Infantry, on Nov. 13, aged eighty-four.

The Rev. William Lyster Cartwright, M.A., Vicar of Brockenhurst, suddenly, on Nov. 4, aged fifty-two.

Major-General Claude Malet Ducat, late Bombay Staff Corps, at Charmont, near Dorset, on Nov. 11, aged fifty-five.

The Ven. John Hodgson Iles, M.A., Archdeacon of Stafford, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, on Nov. 13, aged sixty-one.

Captain George Bayly, Elder Brother of Trinity House, at 8, Kempsholt-road, S.W., on Nov. 13, in his eighty-third year.

Lieutenant-Colonel Granville William Puget, late of the 34th (the Border) Regiment, on Nov. 17, at 46, Redcliffe-square.

Lieutenant-Colonel Trevor Goff, on Nov. 17, at Everton Grange, Lymington.

The Rev. George Frederick Fessey, M.A., at his residence, 5, Glenfall-terrace, Cheltenham, on Nov. 11, aged eighty-one. He was formerly Vicar of Redditch and Rural Dean.

Mrs. Ireland, suddenly, at her residence, Sandford-place, Cheltenham, on Nov. 18. She was the daughter of the late Sir William Earle Welby, Bart., and widow of the late Mr. Thomas James Ireland.

The Rev. Richard Okes, D.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge, at the Provost's Lodge, on Nov. 25, in his ninety-first year. The deceased gentleman, who graduated in Classics in 1822, was appointed Provost of King's in 1850. A year later he served the office of Vice-Chancellor.

Maria Lady Mansel, on Nov. 18, at her residence, Wrotham Heath House, Kent, aged eighty-one. She was the widow of Sir John Bell William Mansel, Bart., of Wrotham Heath, Kent, and Masteilo, Carmarthenshire, and sister of the late Sir Henry Dymoke, of Scrivelsby, Hereditary Champion of England.

Major-General John Mitchell, late Royal Marines, at The Mount, Totnes, near Devon, on Nov. 9, in his eightieth year. He entered the Army in 1827, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1864. He served with his regiment in the Crimean War of 1855, and also at the surrender of Kinbourn (medal with clasp and Turkish medal).

Mr. John William Jameson, at his residence, Ardmore, Booterstown, in the county of Dublin, on Nov. 7, aged forty-two. He was the eldest son of Mr. James Jameson, of Delvin Lodge, Balbriggan, in the county of Dublin, and Glencormack, in the county of Wicklow, by Lucy, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Cairnes, of Stameen, in the county of Meath.

Mr. David Souter-Robertson, of Lawhead, in the county of Lanark, of Whitehill, in the county of Linlithgow, and of Cookstone, in the county of Forfar, on Nov. 10, aged eighty-six. He was educated at Edinburgh, and was a Justice of the Peace for Lanarkshire, Buteshire, Forfarshire, and Linlithgowshire, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for the two former counties.

Mr. William Maccall, who died Nov. 19, at Bexley Heath, aged seventy-six, was author of "The Elements of Individualism," and other treatises of religious philosophy, and of many works, especially in modern literary biography and criticism, treating of eminent French, German, and Italian writers. He was a personal friend of Carlyle.

The Rev. Peter Edward Boissier, M.A., recently, at Clifton, near Bristol, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. He took his Bachelor's degree at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1812, when he obtained a third class in the then newly-founded Classical Honour Schools, his name appearing side by side with those of

the late Lords Bathurst, De La Warr, and Ellenborough, and the late Mr. Justice Coleridge. From 1835 down to 1859 Mr. Boissier held the incumbency of St. Peter's, Malvern Wells, of which he was also the founder at a time when the establishment of new district churches was neither common nor easy.

Captain John Ward, R.N., on Nov. 12, at Round Oak, Greenham, Newbury. He served in the Baltic in command of H.M.S. gun-boat Hind, and in the Pembroke on the Harwich station. He married, in 1853, Annie Huskisson, daughter of Sir Roger Therry, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Sydney, New South Wales.

Major Purcell O'Gorman, who represented Waterford city in Parliament up to 1879, at his residence, Springfield, in the county of Kilkenny, on Nov. 24, after a short illness. The gallant Major, whose gigantic figure and marked individuality made him a notable person in the House of Commons, was in his seventieth year. He previously served in the 90th Light Infantry, and gained distinction during the Crimean Campaign.

Major-General Charles Elphinstone Rennie, late Essex Regiment (44th), at The Barons, Twickenham, suddenly, on Nov. 11, in his forty-ninth year. He entered the Army in 1858, and became Major-General (honorary) in 1885. He served in the campaign of 1860 in the north of China, including the action of Sinho, and the storm and capture of the Taku Forts (medal with clasp).

Lady Vere Catherina Louisa Cameron, at 22, Eccleston-square, on Nov. 15, aged eighty-five. She was the third daughter of the Hon. George Vere Hobart, by Janet, his second wife, daughter of Colonel Alexander Maclean, and was half-sister of the fifth and sixth Earls of Buckinghamshire. Her Ladyship married, in 1832, Mr. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, but was left a widow in 1859.

Colonel William Henry Charles Wellesley, eldest surviving son of the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D., by Emily Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of Charles, first Earl Cadogan, and nephew of Arthur, the first and great Duke of Wellington, K.G., recently, aged seventy-five. His services in the Army extended over fifty years, of which twenty-seven years were spent in active service in the Crimea and in India.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Henry Manningham Buller, commanding second battalion Rifle Brigade at Woolwich, on Nov. 9, aged forty-nine. He was the youngest son of Sir Edward Manningham Buller, first Baronet of Dilhorne, Staffordshire (brother of John, first Lord Churston), by Mary Anne his wife, daughter and heiress of Major-General Coote Manningham, entered the Army in 1855, and became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1885. He served in the Zulu War of 1879, and also served under Sir Evelyn Wood in the Boer War of 1881. He was three times mentioned in despatches and received a medal with clasp.

The Lord Mayor presided on Nov. 22 at the annual distribution of prizes at the Birkbeck Institute. The Earl of Northbrook, president of the institution, presented the prizes.

"Benson's Bond-street Novelties" is the title of a unique little book just issued by Mr. Benson, of Old Bond-street. All wishing to have a souvenir of the season should write for a copy of this little book, which is issued gratis.

Mr. A. Goring Thomas will publish before Christmas, through Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co., an album of twelve new English songs—ten solos and two duets—each separately dedicated to a well-known singer. The words throughout are by Mr. Harold Boulton, co-editor of "Songs of the North."

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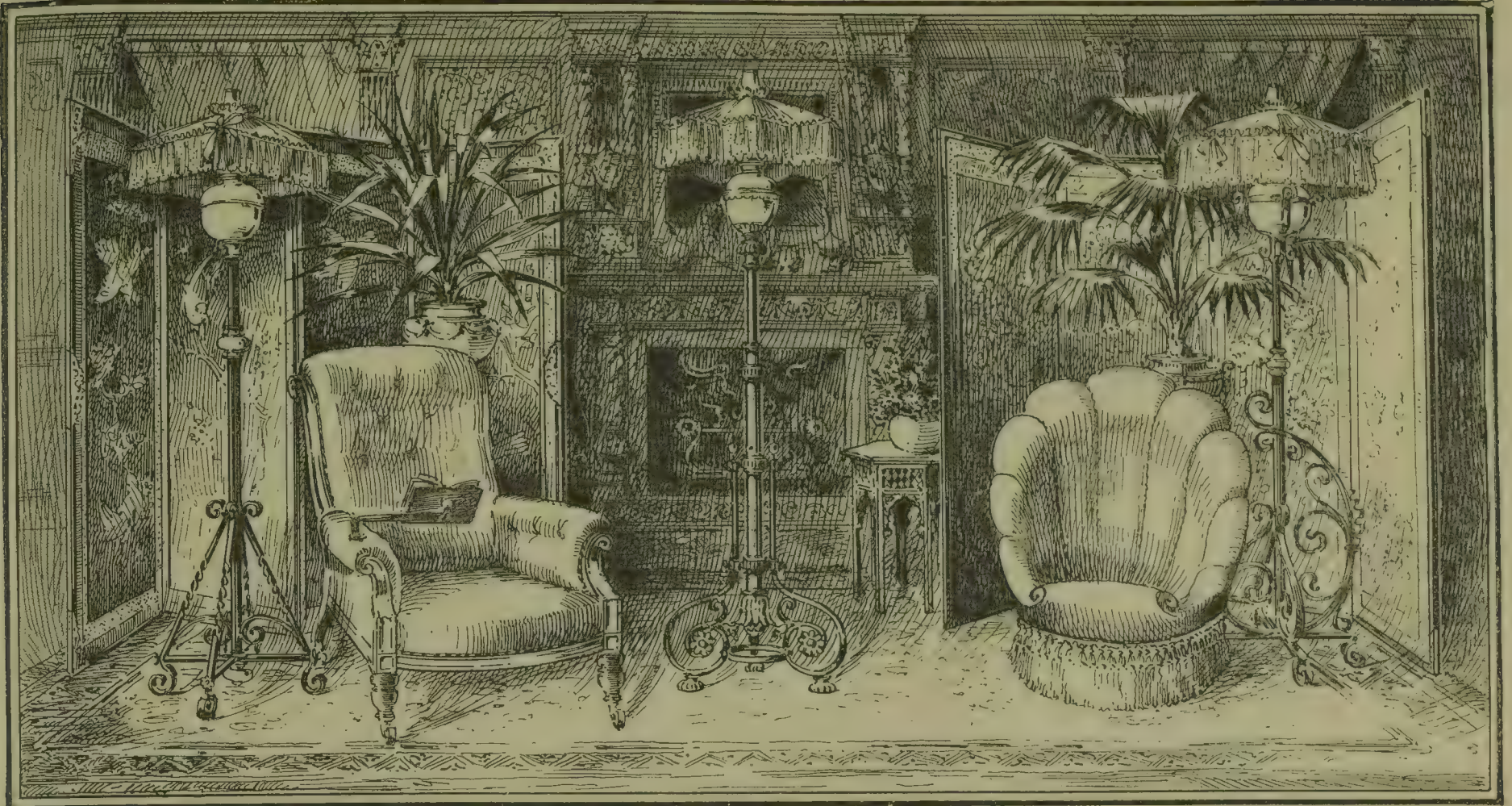
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fashions in hair-dressing are changing. The fringe is no longer the great feature of the coiffure. Indeed, it has to a considerable extent departed altogether, only a few stray curly rings of tresses falling along the top of the forehead, just to soften the effect. Even this is frequently dispensed with; women with intellectual foreheads, and who do not mind risking looking a little severe, turn the hair straight up, not straining it off the forehead, but prettily rolling it over a pad just above the roots. Many faces are best suited by a style, whether of hair-dressing or of head-covering, which goes nearly straight up above the face; a slope rising by degrees, like a small hillock, from the brow to the middle of the head, is rarely becoming. In trying that style of turning up the hair, therefore, it should be borne in mind that the front roll should not be set too far back on the head. After drawing the front hair back over the pad, the end of that hair and the back hair twisted together can be arranged in a few coils, or turned over pads to make rolls, on the top of the head; or for a young woman with plenty of hair it can be combed backwards and dressed à la Catogan. For this, all the hair is plaited in one thick loose coil, the end of which is turned up once against the top part of the plait, so that it reaches the nape of the neck, where the two portions of the plait are secured together, either by a proper slide of tortoiseshell or of jet or of steel, or else by a tie of narrow ribbon, or a bow of velvet. The latter must be black for outdoor wear, but may be white or coloured for evening dress.

For an "Empire" evening gown, there is a distinctive sort of coiffure: a few curls fall on the forehead, the hair is thence drawn flat to the extreme top point or back of the crown, and there is formed into a large double bow, or close, high cluster of loops. A flat bandeau of gold, or of velvet with a diamond star on it, can then be laid across the head; or a tiara may be worn; or a string of pearls may be twisted along the base of the bow of hair, or a small half-wreath of flowers can be placed in the same situation.

Hair-dressing and head-gear have always a natural relation. These new fashions in coiffures are all particularly suited to the new styles of chapeaux. Hats and bonnets both have flat crowns, so that there is small room within them for the top twists and frizzles of the style of doing the hair that is departing. But while the crowns of the newest bonnets rest almost flat on the head, the brims are high and open, and the front roll of hair looks well beneath them. The Catogan is particularly suitable for the broad-brimmed hats with the crowns covered with feathers that are now most fashionable.

The Empire evening gowns are specially fitted for the display of fine brocades, and accordingly there is a good supply of those beautiful fabrics in the market. The short bodice, with the broad sash, placing the waist only a few inches below the arm-pits, and the perfectly straight petticoat descending thence to the ground, demands an exceptionally rich and handsome material, without which the style looks "skimpy." There is an interesting exhibition of brocades now open at 3, Bruton-street, from which it appears that English manufacturers are making a most commendable effort to meet the demand in this direction. The gallery contains specimens of antique brocades, some being actually in the form of dresses. One has a white ground dotted over with baskets of many-coloured flowers, and this is made up as a sacque, and trimmed

round the bottom with a narrow ruche of pink silk, all faded and frayed and ancient-looking, while the rich brocade itself looks quite fresh still. Side by side with these old fabrics there are specimens of modern productions, a large proportion of which are made in Spitalfields. One of these is an exquisite silver brocade, very much like that worn by the Princess of Wales at the Jubilee service; and there are others so full of colour without glare that Burne-Jones might paint from them. The texture is firm and solid—what one might call important—and yet soft; and altogether, the Spitalfields firm which has manufactured these fine fabrics deserves to succeed.

There is a peculiar beauty, a softness and harmony, in the old specimens, produced partly by mere efflux of time, toning and mellowing tints, but partly also by the costly character of the material. This is an age when cheapness is glorified. But fine silks can never be low-priced; and cheap ones can, therefore, never be fine. It is to be hoped that the revival of the beautiful brocade patterns and styles of a hundred years ago will not be checked by the springing into existence of vulgar printed imitations. Certainly, anyone who wants an Empire gown should be prepared to pay a proper price for a fabric suitable for the style. The Empress Josephine, it is recorded, was most extravagant in dress: no wonder, when there were such temptations as old brocades in her day!

For ball dresses there are many new thin materials. Plain nets are superseded by striped ones, some of the stripes being lacelike, and others with a rather coarse-barred pattern. Net, black or white, dotted all over with coloured chenille, makes an effective dress with a satin bodice of the same tint as the spots. The fashion of having a silk or satin bodice with a thin and airy confection in the way of skirt is still in full vogue, and I learn that at the recent county ball at Sandringham this style was almost universally adopted by the younger women. Flowers are very much used on ball skirts, trails being carried across the fronts, and epaulettes or shoulder-straps are formed of the same kind of blossoms.

Charity is women's special province, and, according to their means, most of them strive to occupy it. The pupils of the Scientific Dress-Cutting Association have formed a Dorcas Society amongst themselves for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, and from fifty to a hundred young ladies give two hours of an evening once a week, after taking their dress-making lessons, to manufacturing simple and useful little garments with that end in view. Miss Grace Hawthorne's matinées of "The Love that Kills" all this week have been for the benefit of Mrs. Jay's halfpenny dinners in the East-End; and a portion of the profits of the highly-successful evening production "Hands Across the Sea" have been given by the generous manageress to the same object. Mrs. Jay has been a model of economy in her dinner scheme, as she has provided over 40,000 dinners at a cost of considerably less than a penny each, though it exceeded the halfpenny charged to the diners, who were mostly very poor children.

The Local Government Board should call in Mrs. Jay's assistance, as it appears that the gentlemen of that body have come signally to grief over a cooking recipe for which they have made themselves responsible. According to the *Shields Daily News*, that masterful central bureau has issued to the guardians the following recipe for workhouse soup:—Quantity of each ingredient for a gallon: beef, 16 oz.; bones, 24 oz.; barley, 8 oz.; split peas, 8 oz.; oatmeal, 8 oz.; onions, 8 oz.;

carrots, 16 oz. The guardians are under the impression that they are bound to follow this recipe without alteration, but the result of doing so is to produce "a mass of a consistence as dense as the department. It is a conglomerate the only aim of which appears to be that, if another 'work-as-boy' falls into the copper, he may stick on the surface." Such errors are sure occasionally to occur with an exclusively masculine management of what are really domestic affairs. Paid female officials should help in the administration of State charity, as unpaid workers of that sex do in so much private charity.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Mercers' Company have given a donation of 100 guineas to the Vauxhall Park committee.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and a distinguished company were entertained on Nov. 26 at dinner in the Saddlers' Hall, Cheapside, by the Company of Plumbers.

A terrible storm visited the whole of the Atlantic seaboard on Nov. 25, blocking railway and telegraphic communications, and causing great damage by land and sea.

Mr. Joseph Bowles, stationer, of George-street, Mansion House, has been unanimously elected as the new representative in the Court of Common Council of the ward of Walbrook, in the place of Mr. Samuel Ward, who has become disqualified.

The Duchess of Sutherland died on Nov. 26 at Stafford House. The deceased lady, Anne, Countess of Cromartie in her own right, and only child of the late Mr. John Hay Mackenzie, was married to the Duke of Sutherland in 1849. A memoir of her Grace will appear in our next issue.

At the meeting of the Royal Botanic Society on Nov. 24, it was stated by the Secretary that, owing to the unusual warmth during the month (nearly five degrees above the mean for the last seven years), several of our early spring flowers, such as primroses and cowslips, were in bloom in the gardens.

The first ordinary general meeting of the Sanitary Institute was held on Nov. 22, Sir Douglas Galton, K.C.B., F.R.S., in the chair. The council reported the successful commencement of the institute, nearly 500 members and associates had been enrolled, and the institute had before it a large field of useful work. The Duke of Northumberland was elected as president of the institute, and Inspector-General R. Lawson, LL.D., was chosen treasurer.

The Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show, which holds its fortieth annual show on Dec. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6, has received the largest entry of cattle on record. The Herefords particularly furnish a grand display, and in this section will be found the strongest class, numerically, in the whole show. Short-horns and Devons are well up to the average, and the classes for Scots and crosses, owing to the improved classification, are well patronised by feeders from the North. With the exception of Shropshires, there is not a strong display of sheep; but some extraordinary pens of lambs are entered, both for the butchers' prizes and the society's. A large and excellent entry of pigs of all sorts is secured. The show of poultry is again on a very large scale, there being 250 game cocks and over one hundred pens of turkeys. There is an excellent entry from the Royal farms at Windsor and Sandringham, and also excellent competition for the butchers' prizes, which in the cattle are almost the strongest class.

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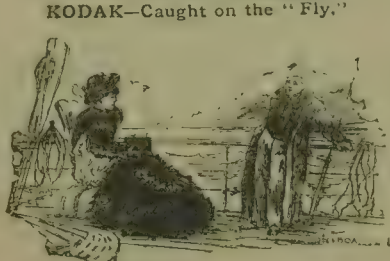
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1886) of John Joseph Jones, J.P., D.L., late of Abberley Hall, Stourport, Worcester, who died on Aug. 5, at Carlsbad, was proved on Nov. 21 by William Jones and James Jones, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £247,000. The testator devises his estates at Oldham, Lancashire, to his eldest son, with remainder to his other sons, in seniority, with remainder to his brother William. He bequeaths £2000 and his household furniture, carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Amelia Jones, and, during her life or widowhood, the use of his plate, jewels, paintings, and articles of vertu, and an annuity of £5000; on her remarriage the said annuity is to be reduced to £1000, and on her death the jewels, plate, &c., are to be sold, and the proceeds given to his nieces, the daughters of his brothers William and James; and £10,000 to his brother James. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children; but in default of children to his brothers William and James, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1887) of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Singer Keating, P.C., LL.D., formerly M.P. for Reading, and a Judge of the Queen's Bench, late of No. 11, Prince's-gardens, Kensington, who died on Oct. 1 at St. Leonards, was proved on Nov. 9 by Henry Sheehy Keating, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £84,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his niece Agnes Keating; £1000 to his niece Geraldine Keating; £500 to his cousin, Rear-Admiral Morgan Singer; £100 each to his godson Egerton Phillimore, the Hon. Hugh Gough, and his cousins William Keating, Henry Keating, and Kathleen Thornhill; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Henry Sheehy, absolutely.

The will (dated March 13, 1876), with three codicils (dated Nov. 5, 1881; March 12, 1884; and Sept. 6, 1886), of Mr. Charles Octavius Swinnerton Morgan, J.P., D.L., F.R.S., and M.P. for Monmouthshire from 1840 to 1874, late of The Friars, Newport, Monmouthshire, who died on Aug. 5 last, was proved on Nov. 14 by Henry Salusbury Milman, the nephew, and Sir George Ferdinand Radzivil Walker, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £68,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Radzivil Walker; £1500 to Ivor Walker; £1000 each to Clarence, Devereux, Charles, Roland, and Charles Evelyn Walker; £1000 to General Gustavus Milman; £500 each to Henry Salusbury Milman, Colonel Everard Milman, Colonel George Milman, and Angela and Jemima Milman; £200 each to Hugh Owen, Colonel John Owen, William Owen, and Angelina Owen; £300 to his niece, the Countess of Hereford; £750 to Sir George Walker; £200 to the Newport Corporation for the support of a Free Library or a School of Arts and Science; £100 each to the Newport Infirmary and the Llandaff Church Extension Fund; and all his shares and interest in the Monmouth Railway and Canal Company, upon trust, for his niece, Lady Walker, for life, and then to her son, Radzivil Walker. He charges all his interest in the Tredegar Wharf Company with the payment of annuities of £250 each to Henry Salusbury Milman, General Gustavus Milman, Colonel Everard Milman, and Angela and Jemima Milman; and £150 each to Hugh Owen, Colonel John Owen, William Owen, Angelina Owen, and Sir George Walker, for life, then to his wife, Lady Walker, and on her death to their son, Ferdinand Walker. He gives all his wonderful collection of watches, clocks, dials, Papal and other large rings, Chamberlain's keys, and china to the British Museum;

and legacies and specific gifts to his relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Henry Salusbury Milman.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 12, 1884) of John Millar, Lord Craighill, J.P., one of the Senators of the College of Justice, late of No. 3, Ainslie-place, Edinburgh, who died on Sept. 22, granted to Robert Lee, James Arthur Crichton, John Hepburn Millar (the son), and Elizabeth Constance Millar (the daughter), the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £55,000.

The will (dated July 5, 1878), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1882), of Mr. John Moss Lawrence, late of No. 37, Belsize-avenue, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Nov. 20 by Mrs. Emily Lawrence, the widow, and Laurie Asher Lawrence and Arthur Moss Lawrence, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testator bequeaths £900, his house, with the furniture and contents, and an annuity of £1800 to his wife; £50 each to the Board of Guardians for the Relief of Jewish Poor and the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Norwood); and nineteen guineas each to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the Jews' Blind Asylum, the London Hospital, King's College Hospital, the Jews' Aged Needy Society, the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, the New Hospital for Women (Marylebone-road), and to the Synagogue at which he is a seatholder at the time of his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1880), with two codicils (dated Nov. 4, 1884, and May 5, 1885), of Mrs. Elizabeth Moulton, late of Kingston House, Bradford, Wilts, who died on June 11, was proved on Nov. 17 by Horatio Moulton and John Moulton, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Catherine Denham, for life, and then to her children; £1000 each to her granddaughters, Susan and Clara Moulton, Kate Elizabeth Rule, and Henrietta Kunhardt; specific gifts of jewels to relatives; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves between her sons, Horatio and John Moulton.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1879) of Miss Emma Carpue, late of No. 8A, Manchester-square, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Nov. 14 by Sharon Grote Turner, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £40,000. The testatrix leaves all her property to her sisters Anna Augusta and Sophia, or to the survivor of them; but in the event of both of them predeceasing her, which appears to have happened, then she bequeaths £6500 to St. George's Hospital, at which her father, Joseph Constantine Carpue, was a pupil; certain stocks and shares to the Rev. Thomas Barge and Miss Barge; £1000 each to Mary and Emily Turner, and her house, No. 8A, Manchester-square, with the furniture and contents; and £500 to her executor, Mr. Turner. The residue of her property she leaves in equal shares between the following charities—viz., the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary, the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's-inn-road), the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society, the Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, the Church Missionary Society, the London City Mission, and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The will (dated June 1, 1885) of Miss Caroline Webber,

late of Sparrow Herne, Bushey, Herts, who died on Sept. 8, was proved on Nov. 15 by Robert Webber Monro, Robert Bryan Webber, and Reginald Herbert Blyth, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths certain stocks, upon trust, for the children of her brother Henry and Lucy, his wife; and, subject thereto, she leaves all her property, upon trust, for her sister, Laura Webber, for life, and, on her decease, the residue is to follow the same trusts as are contained in the will of her late brother, George.

## A JOURNEY TO THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

In the absence of General R. Strachey, president of the Royal Geographical Society, General Sir C. P. Beauchamp Walker occupied the chair on Nov. 26 at a well-attended meeting held in the theatre of the London University, Burlington-gardens.

The paper read was by Mr. Joseph Thomson, and was descriptive of a journey made to the Atlas Mountains in Southern Morocco in the early part of the present year. Except for the explorations of Sir Joseph Hooker and his companion, Mr. Ball, little was known of the geographical features and geological structure of the Atlas, all attempts made hitherto to break down the barrier of Moorish fanaticism, suspicion, and official obstruction having met with very slight success. It was with a wide field for his exploring instincts that Mr. Thomson, accompanied by Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, started from England last March on his voyage of discovery. Almost from the outset the travellers experienced the same difficulties and discouragements that had befallen their predecessors in the way of official obstruction and suspicion, their progress being continually barred. Other troubles, from treacherous servants and guides, were severely felt, and it was not until May 7 that the little party of five men left Mogador and plunged straight into the interior. Demnat was reached after an arduous journey, and their first explorations of the mountains took place there, without the knowledge of the Kaid. At Demnat Mr. Thomson had the good fortune to find a reliable Jewish interpreter, with whose assistance the party succeeded in reaching the district of the Tetula, in the very heart of the Atlas range. Here the explorers reached the summit of the Tizi-n-Teluet, a height of nearly 9000 ft., commanding a magnificent view. They looked in vain, however, for the Anti-Atlas. After further explorations in this district, Mr. Thomson and his companions were placed in confinement by the Kaid of Glauwa. Escaping after some days, the little party met even worse dangers in the shape of a body of armed mountaineers, who came very near to terminating the expedition by shooting Mr. Thomson and his followers. Obligated to retrace their steps, the explorers went towards Amsmiz, and succeeded in getting away to the mountains without further opposition. In this neighbourhood many valuable explorations were made, but again an unfriendly Kaid prevented full success from crowning the travellers' efforts. Many exciting adventures befel him in his further explorations, but in the end Mr. Thomson succeeded in reaching his destination and climbing the highest peak of the range, 12,500 ft. above the sea. Ultimately Mr. Thomson managed to penetrate as far as the most westerly extension of the Atlas range, and returned to England, having, in the face of enormous difficulties, succeeded in still further elucidating the geographical features of a range of mountains second to none in Europe or Africa in length and average elevation.—A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Thomson for his valuable paper.

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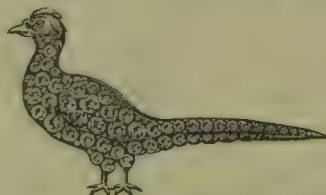
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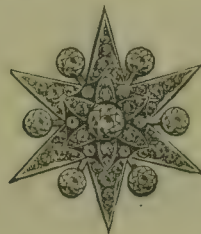
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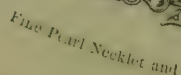
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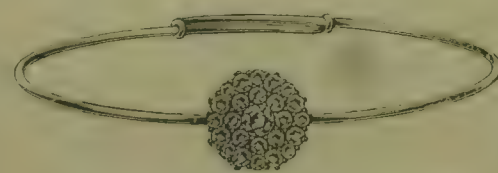
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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury's campaign in the heart of Midlothian—carrying war into the enemy's quarters with a vengeance—was preceded by quite a busy and businesslike sitting in the House of Lords. As possible candidate some day for the Colonial Secretaryship (and an admirable nobleman for the post in every respect), the Earl of Harrowby on the Twenty-eighth of November questioned the present courteous occupant of that office as to the Queensland difficulty. Lord Knutsford, in replying, admitted that, owing to objections on the part of Queensland, Sir Henry Blake would not proceed now to the colony as Governor. But the Secretary for the Colonies compensated Sir Henry Blake to the best of his ability by passing a warm eulogium on his high character, and upon his services as Governor of Newfoundland—a cordial tribute which the Earl of Derby emphatically indorsed. Their Lordships then gave themselves up to legislation, and passed through committee the Irish Municipal Funds Bill and the Parliamentary Oaths Bill, which was accepted by the Primate in an admirable speech, in the course of which he parenthetically alluded to the deep anxiety generally felt as to the condition of Mr. John Bright.

Mr. W. H. Smith, in the Lower House, has had to fight the Home-Rule party step by step over the Irish Land Purchase Bill. Mr. Parnell, cool and incisive as ever, opened fire on the Twenty-second of November against the measure. The wan-faced and fair-bearded Home-Rule leader, it is true,

agreed with the principle of the Bill, but reiterated the claim that arrears should be dealt with. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a manner of speaking, ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds, for the noble Lord gained the cheers of the Irish members whilst condemning the Bill with faint praise, and saved his Party-consistency by voting for it on the plea that it was "only a little one." Mr. Goschen half promised that arrears would be grappled with by the Ministry. In the division, the Government majority was reduced to 75.

Mr. Balfour had sufficiently recovered from his cold to resume his seat on the Treasury bench, on Monday, the Twenty-sixth of November, when a regrettable circumstance happened in the lobby. An over-zealous member of the Irish constabulary, Jeremiah Sullivan, appears to have had the audacity to penetrate to this sanctum to serve Mr. David Sheehy, the member for South Galway, with a writ. The breach of decorum was at once resented by Mr. Sheehy, who re-entered the House, and rose from the Home-Rule benches to protest against the strange proceeding. Not only Mr. Bradlaugh, but also Lord Randolph Churchill's stalwart henchman, Mr. Hanbury, energetically supported the hon. member in his remonstrance. Mr. Balfour deplored the occurrence, but his explanations did not allay the excitement. Mr. Courtney left the chair in Committee on the Irish Land-Purchase Bill; and the Speaker was recalled, at the suggestion of Mr. John Morley. And the ruffled feelings of the House were eventually calmed by the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into the case.

at the instigation of Mr. Smith. "Surtout, point de zèle!" is not unlikely to be Mr. Balfour's admonition to those responsible for the contretemps.

The Marquis of Hartington will welcome the return of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to his side—if the happy bridegroom be so unwise as to forsake honeymoon delights for the turmoil of politics. Lord Hartington's steadfast clinging to his corner seat on the front Opposition bench when he is in full sympathy with the Government still subjects him to reproaches from the Home Rulers. Ere he returned to Hawarden Mr. Gladstone himself indulged in a jibe at the expense of his former distinguished colleague; and during the Sheehy controversy Mr. Labouchere followed his leader's example with characteristic readiness and sangfroid. Happily, that "hard-headedness" which Mr. Bright commended in him steels the noble Lord in the performance of his uncongenial part.

MARRIAGE.

On Nov. 21, at the Cathedral, Lincoln, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean and the Rev. C. C. Ellison, uncle of the bride, Michael Stocks, only son of Major Stocks, of Woodhall, Norfolk, Upper Shildon Hall, Yorkshire, and 26, Rutland-gate, to Charlotte Amelia, elder daughter of Colonel Ellison, of Boultham Hall, Lincoln, and 23, Queen's-gate.

DEATH.

On Nov. 18, at Marseilles, Alice, wife of Patrick Henderson, her Majesty's Consul at Cadiz.

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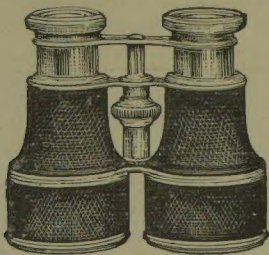
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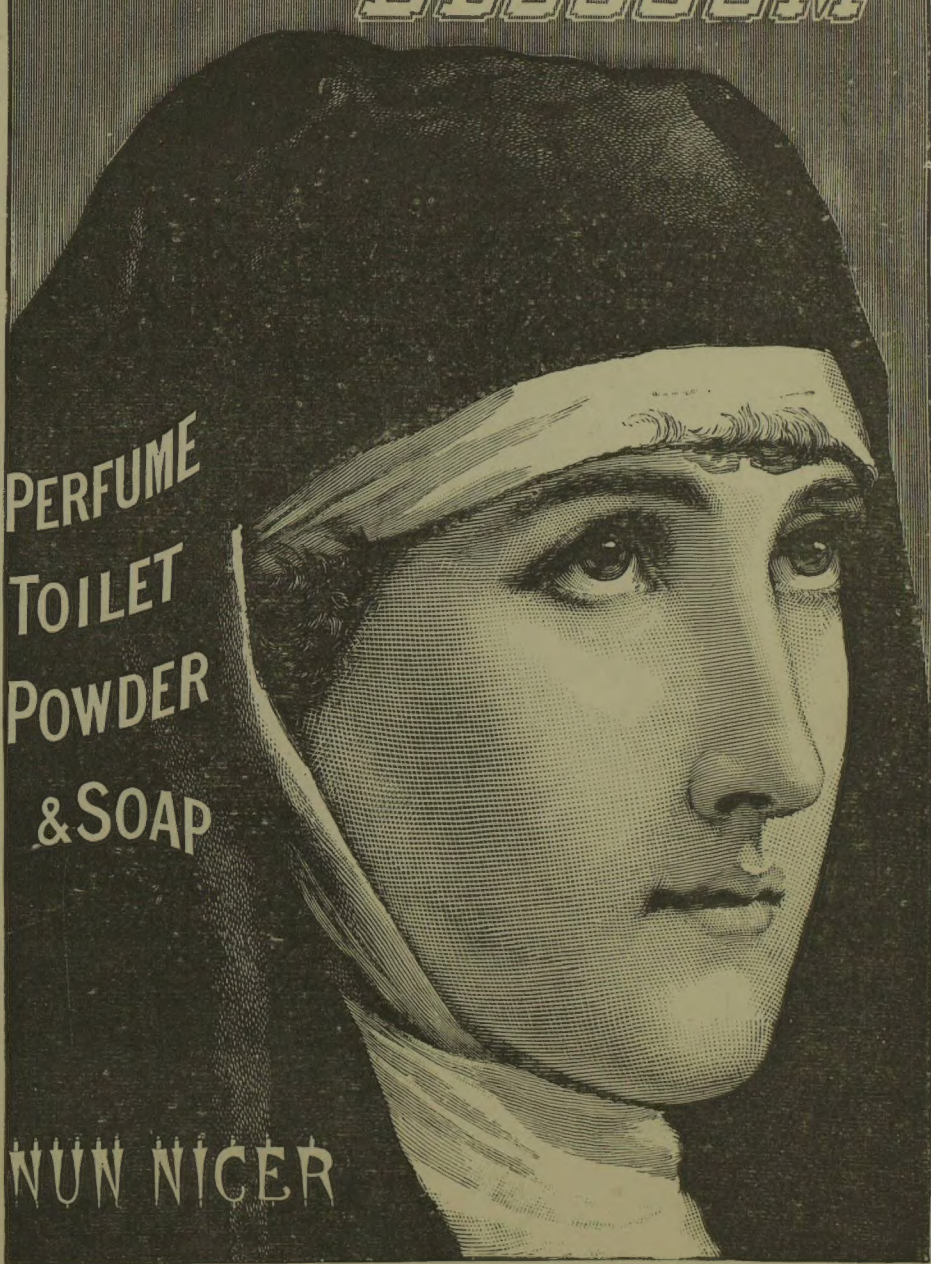
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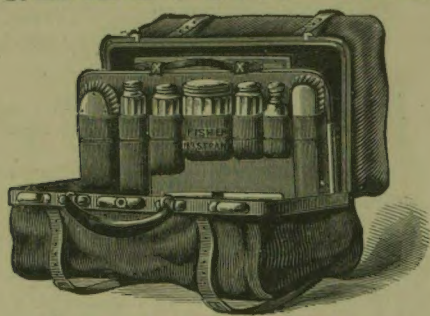
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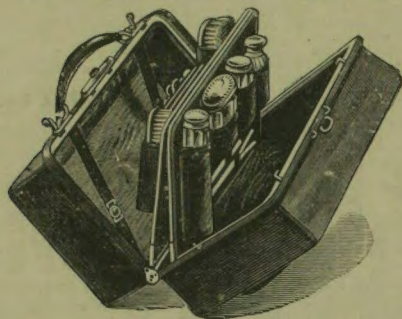
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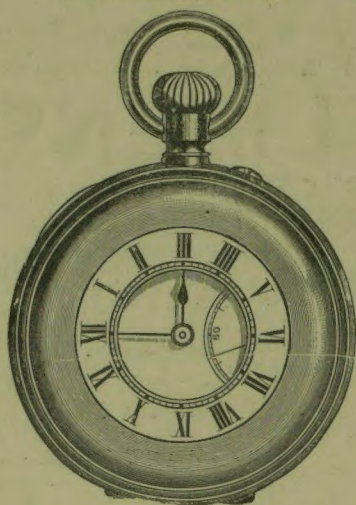
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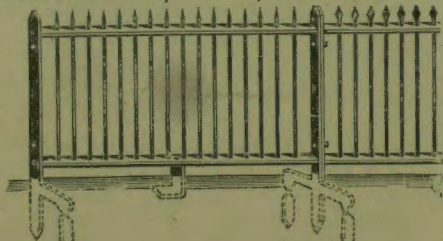
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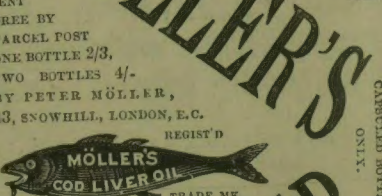
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